

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Stories

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HARRY MUHEIM

Poems

MARTIN SHOCKLEY
DONALD SUTHERLAND

Love, Death, and the Poet — Dylan Thomas

E. PHILIP BOLLIER

Is Debt Necessary?

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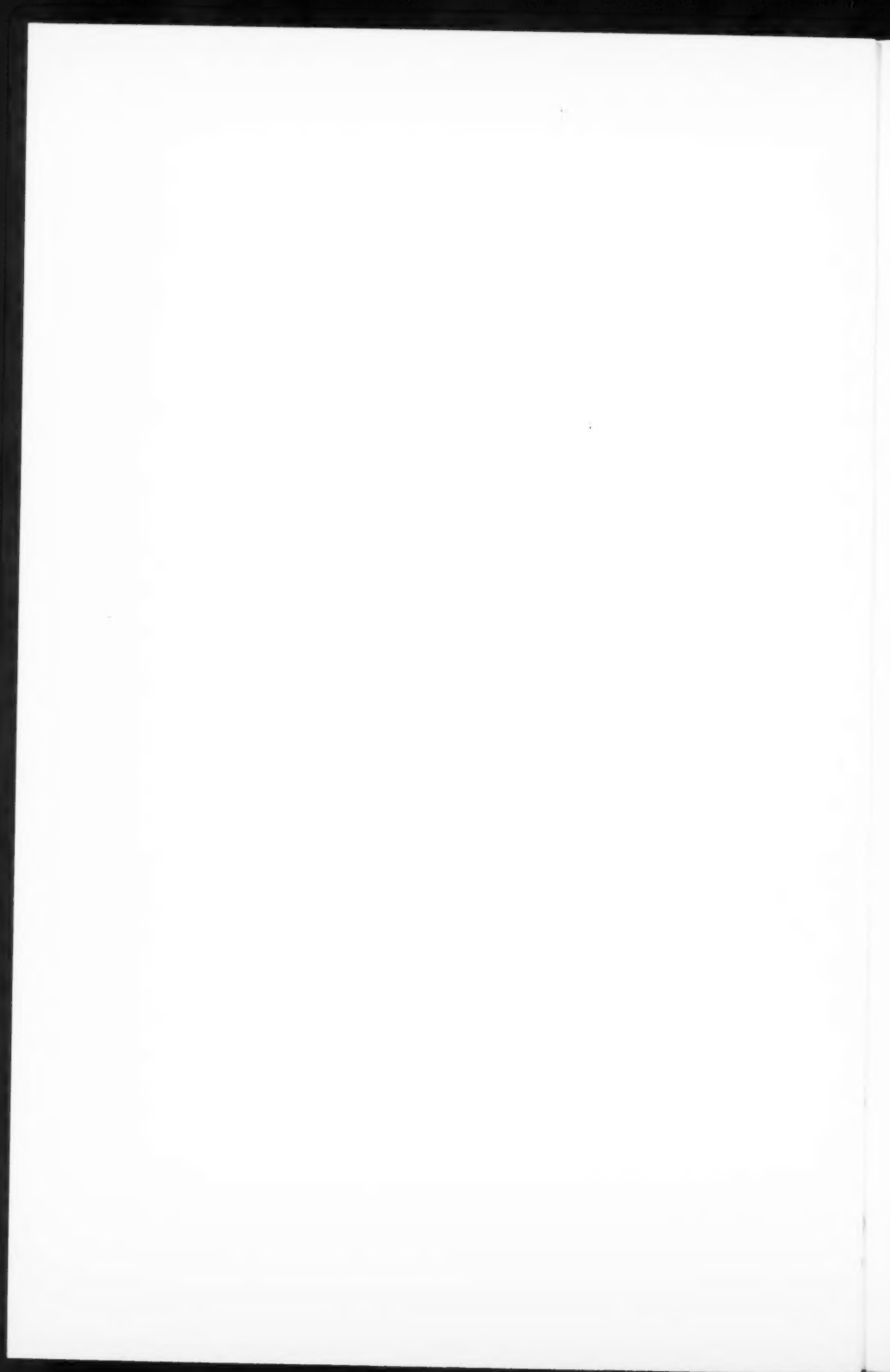
Let's Be Realistic About China

RANDALL GOULD

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The Colorado Quarterly

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Let's be realistic about China

RANDALL GOULD

For Americans, the great China question of today is "Where do we go from here?" We have drifted far from earlier moorings. We hardly know where we are, much less how we should get under way again. We think we have some idea where we would like to go in the field of China policy, but our bearings are uncertain and false lights attract us.

As one who lived in and near China for more than a quarter-century, I am convinced that before we find a satisfying answer to our basic question we must make a realistic re-examination of our present position. Then we should get some steam in our national boiler and start again, guided by realism and enlightened selfishness. In so doing, let's not be ashamed to be selfish so long as we are also enlightened—that is, so long as it appears that our actions will benefit both ourselves and others.

I put the matter in this way because I believe we now lie in a Sargasso Sea of emotion, prejudice, sentimentality and addled altruism. Orientals can understand little of this. Sometimes they yield to tides of emotion, but usually this is for reasons quite personal. They don't understand how whole nations can get worked up over political or economic theory, and international "do-goodism" is a luxury to which they are accustomed only as somewhat bewildered, suspicious recipients with tendencies toward inferiority complexes and resentments. As overcrowded have-not nations they are in no position to see things from our plushy point of view.

It was not always thus. From the beginnings of our association there were differences and divergent viewpoints, but at least those others on the far side of the earth could mostly understand our motivations. They felt that we were selfish invaders, and at certain times they had all been that, too, though on a smaller, more neighborly scale.

Our attitude was, as I think it should be, detached. We tried

to be friendly but didn't let that interfere with our own interest. Of late years we have taken much credit for originating and implementing John Hay's "open door policy." But a little study of the record shows that Britain originated the idea, that Hay promoted it without much knowledge of the China situation, and that the real reasons behind American support of it were primarily reasons of self-interest. That the policy helped keep China from being pulled apart was all right with us. But the dynamics were provided by enlightened selfishness on the part of Uncle Sam.

When China was declared a republic back in 1912, we were flattered, and the long process of American illusion about China began. We took the name for the deed. It was a good many years before we realized that doing away with the Manchu dynasty and substituting a fine name didn't solve the China problem, but merely substituted warlords for an inept emperor. By the time we had begun to wake up on this point, we also started to be misled, or to mislead ourselves, on other points. A military leader named Feng Yu-hsiang became known as the "Christian general" because he professed (and, in his way, practiced) Methodism; the missionaries were at first greatly bucked up, but then they were shocked when he practiced what the western world called "treachery" on his nominal superior. Chinese for the most part never could figure out just what was so unique about Feng save that he had an army well disciplined for the times, which had to build roads and dikes and refrain from extortion. We overlooked this solid point, however, in favor of musings on hardboiled Feng's religion and ethics.

Communism was what really stirred us up into taking sides in China for the first time. That is still the big point with us. And it's a safe bet that to a considerable degree our judgments on this point are about as mysterious to many Chinese as was our pleasure over a "republic" and a "Christian general."

But we have been far from consistent in this as in other matters. Earl Swisher pointed out in the Autumn, 1953, issue of *The Colorado Quarterly* how deep in Russian Communist teachings lies the very organizational pattern of the Kuomintang, regarded by most Americans as China's "party of democracy." He further

recounted Chiang Kai-shek's background, starting with four years of military training in Japan and followed by four months of "red carpet treatment" in the U. S. S. R. during 1923. Chiang had long talks with Trotsky and Chicherin, was given full access to Russia's military schools, to the field maneuvers of the army, to political and party training programs, and to ideological and indoctrination techniques, following which he worked closely with such Soviet advisers as General Galen and M. M. Borodin until he found it expedient to break with both them and the Chinese Communists.

It might have been added that after rejoining the Communists in a "united front" which led to open hostilities with Japan, Chiang used Soviet planes flown by Soviet pilots in fighting the Japanese. Of special pertinence in this same connection is the record of what one might call the present crown prince of Formosa, Chiang's forty-five-year-old son, Chiang Ching-kuo, who lived in Soviet Russia from 1927 until 1940 and who is his father's most probable successor at the head of the émigré Nationalist regime. During his stay in the Soviet Union he worked with the Russians, studied at Moscow's Sun Yat-sen university and the Russian military academy, married a Russian wife by whom he has two children, and apparently absorbed the typical Communist line in all but name if we may judge by a 1940 period in which for seventy days he served as Shanghai's economic dictator. During that time he forcibly parted the middle class from their life's savings, attacked foreign and Chinese business in almost every possible way, uttered rabble-rousing attacks against private enterprise, and in my opinion softened things up nicely for the fast and sweeping victory of the Chinese Communists a few months later. I don't mean to suggest that he was purposely helping the enemies of his father and himself. But I think this record is worth more consideration than seems to have been accorded it when this young "democrat" was recently invited to make a four-weeks' tour of American military installations culminating in a personal call on President Eisenhower. In his case, as in many of our evaluations, we have become confused by knowing too much that wasn't so.

Our big error is in seeing Chinese parties, individuals and events in terms of black and white, and in feeling that we must

take sides. We also err in believing that our decisions will be decisive in far-off fields. Insofar as this is true, it usually is true in a way opposite to what we intend. For example, our prodigal and uncontrolled gifts to the Nationalists probably helped toward a Communist victory in the long run for several reasons. We accentuated the already evident Nationalist official drift toward inertia and corruption. Moreover, we created a feeling among many Chinese that the Nationalists were under our American thumb. This was far from the fact, of course. We on our part mostly feel that the Chinese Communists were and are under Soviet Russian control, a debatable point in fact and one which seems never to have been much debated among the mass of Chinese. The Russians have long memories; they well recall events of 1927 when Chiang successfully propagandized the idea that the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Russians should both be expelled, and they have been far more careful than ourselves to avoid even a semblance of meddling.

It is easy to be drawn into over-detailed discussion of China. My own point of view is simple and can be put forward briefly. I would like to see us revert to a hardboiled, if necessary cold, attitude toward all things Chinese. We should reconsider our position in the light of our own interest, bearing in mind that our interest will never be best served by unenlightened selfishness. To cite a single example, let me say that obviously we can't now suddenly abandon Formosa and the Nationalists if only because of humanitarian considerations and the question of our national prestige throughout the Far East and the world. We have gone out pretty far on the Formosa limb and we can't cut it off, but we had better seek some alternative such as setting Formosa up as an independent country rather than committing ourselves to a "restore-Chiang" military campaign, which might well lead to World War III and couldn't be profitable at best.

Having seen for myself, during four months of Communist rule in Shanghai, that the Reds have been guilty of outrageously improper behavior toward American diplomatic and consular officials as well as private citizens, I have never been a proponent of instant diplomatic recognition. At the same time I don't say that the British, in seeking to exchange recognition and getting snubbed for their pains, were all wrong. They had long tried to

be detached and realistic in their China policy, but they were drawn into the whirlpool of our own partisanship (which the Communists considered downright participation in their civil war), and the British failure was in large part due to us. My feeling about recognition is, first, that it's senseless to recognize the Nationalists on Formosa as the government of a China which rejected them and won't accept them again; second, that though we shouldn't continue our empty enlargement of the Nationalists, neither should we rush into precipitate courting of the Communists; but that, third, we should give the Communists reason to behave better by opening our minds to the possibility of future recognition. That would no more imply approval of them than does our recognition of Moscow, or of Franco, or of Peron. It would merely deal with the obvious fact that they control China and give us an opportunity to get our officials, businessmen and missionaries back in China under proper safeguards.

As to United Nations membership, here again we have the issue of whether we want to be realistic or bigoted with whatever high intent. It is obviously a fact that nobody should be allowed to "shoot his way into the United Nations." Thus we cannot let Red China or anyone else gain representation there simply by a show of force. But China as a country is already in the United Nations. Our problem is whether we should adjust to changes in China, so that China's representation will be by the people who control China. Admittedly the violent ways of those presently controlling China have made the subject complicated and not susceptible to overnight solution.

But in facing up to the realities we know that it isn't customary to judge the representation of member nations by the political complexion of the regimes in power. No one suggested exclusion of the United States because Eisenhower replaced Truman, nor is it likely that anything of the sort will be suggested when someone, of whatever party, replaces Eisenhower. The issues here are simpler than those concerning China. Without minimizing the complexities of the China case we may at least try for more consistency toward others, as well as in our own minds and hearts.

I would not urge that we go other than slow in this whole matter. It has been impossible to rush if only because of the

way we ourselves have added to the animosities and complications of the position through continuing our "aid" to China beyond the time when it could reach China as a whole (if indeed there ever was such a time). Our so-called help actually served, finally, only to put us on the losing side in a civil war. This was understandable, if not entirely excusable, on the ground of muddled good intent, from which Hell's paving blocks are made. Both understandable and excusable is Washington's hardboiled intimation that Red China excursions into such territory as Indo-China will take us there too. It is a sort of vaccination, stirring a temporary rash of bad feeling in order to ward off the major ailment of a second and probably bigger Korea. While the fever still runs we had better let the patient alone in general, hoping for the best.

We are trying to act now in a more careful and scientific manner than in recent years. But it may be good for us to reflect on the American need for some slight deflation of the Messiah complex which still envelops many of us. We have got to regain perspective. Even though we have become the most powerful country on earth, that makes us neither omnipotent nor omniscient. Many things which we wish to bring about don't happen just because we will it, or even work at it; we still don't outbalance the rest of the world. And there is little to suggest that our brain capacity has grown to a point where we could properly exercise supreme power if we had it. America has plenty of unsolved problems of her own and can get along best, with maximum popularity and acceptance, by going easy in trying to solve the problems of others.

In no part of the world is this more true than in China and the Far East generally, since these places are still remote. Orientals don't yet fully understand us, nor we them. But the principle holds equally true everywhere. So do the reasons behind it. Let us be sure that nobody steps on our toes anywhere, but let's also be sure that such is the issue. For China to operate slowly in dealing with her own social, political and economic problems is not an offense against us. For China to take at least temporary courses different from ours does not mean that we have "lost" China. Finally, the best way to regain

our stake in China in all its many aspects will be to get back on some sort of working basis in China when this can be done with self-respect all around.

SONNET TO A QUAKER LADY

By JON SWAN

If oaths could prove
And raising palms convince
(Legalized by swearing at the Lord)
Who wouldn't shove to see this sparkling evidence
(Habeas corpus!)
Confessing through assailing data radiant as rain
That Helen's strayed her towers once again?

Perhaps a soft salvation's here;
Maybe *so* they'll not astound,
Splitting the plow to gender swords not seed,
Nor hurry in a horse of treachery,
But allow me to take this wonder of the western
 world away
Without high Troys to burn.

I will not swear she's Helen,
Yet know
What peerless spirit made an Asia glow.

The train to trouble

HARRY MUHEIM

Sam Patterson was sliding some heavy milk cans across the worn boards of the station platform when he heard the morning train from San Francisco come out of the tunnel up at the head of the valley. He stood up to listen. The night fog had lifted so that only the tops of the redwoods stuck up into the white mist, and sound traveled easily on the clean autumn air. The train was five miles away, but he heard clearly the loose chuff of the engine and the relaxed metal clunk of the old drive wheels as it coasted down the grade.

After a minute, the engineer's good morning whistle caromed down the narrow Eel River Valley. McNally always blew the whistle as he passed the sheer face of Blue Mountain, bringing in the overtone at the very end of the blast. Most of the sound came straight down the valley, but some of the waves bounced off the basalt face of the mountain and came down a few seconds later. The result was a simple musical chord which McNally claimed was the most pleasant alarm clock in the world.

As the sound passed on down the valley, Sam heard the side porch door of the house squeak open and slam. He looked up the mountainside to see Tim running down toward the platform, moving with the surefootedness of a six-year-old, zipping up the front of his plaid mackinaw as he ran.

"Is McNally bringing the rod today?" asked Tim, when he arrived at the platform. Sam put a hand down to help up the wiry little blond boy who was his image.

"I hope so, Timmy," he replied. "If we don't get a connecting rod for that pump, we'll be carrying an awful lot of water from the river."

Sam lined up the rest of the milk cans next to the chipped, whitewashed pole with the sign that said *BELL SPRINGS — Elev. 3860 Feet*. There was a final short rip of the whistle, and the tired, stubby old locomotive moved into sight around the river

bend, constantly nudged back into the curve by the small front wheels. "Here comes McNally," shouted Tim, and then the engineer rode by in a blast of engine-heat, waving and pitching a copy of the day-old *San Francisco News* down onto the platform. The cars rolled in slowly, wheels screeching at the brake shoes—two rickety box cars, an empty flat car, a baggage car, and an old Pullman. They stopped, and there was a big, steamy sigh from the engine.

Sam shoved the baggage car door open and pulled the milk cans aboard while McNally walked back to them, carrying a brown-paper package.

"Morning, Sam. 'Lo there, Timmy. Well, I finally brought the rod."

"Good timing, Mac," said Sam happily. "The water tank's just about empty."

McNally handed him the package, pointing to the Sear's Roebuck label. "Look. They had to send all the way to Fresno for it."

Sam pulled the baggage door closed. "How's everything down the line?" he asked.

"Quiet. Nothing ever happens, you know."

"How about a cup of coffee?"

McNally handed him the package, pointing to the Sears Roebuck cup of coffee with the Pattersons. There was no danger in this, since McNally's train was the only one on the entire North California Railroad.

"Can't this morning," the engineer said. "Got a guy in the Pullman who's got to get to Eureka on time. He should've walked." McNally's chunky, soot-dusted red face broke into a happy laugh as he enjoyed his joke. They said goodbye, and he started back for the engine.

"Oh, Mac," Sam called after him, "remember to bring two sheep cars up from the City tomorrow morning, will you? Gerber's sheep are going down tomorrow night."

"Who's riding down with 'em?" the engineer asked.

"I am. I'm going to round them up today over at Blue Mountain."

"What a railroad!" said McNally, laughing again, shaking his head. "The station masters have to do everything." He disap-

peared up into his cab, and the train pulled out. Tim watched the two dim red lamps on the Pullman jiggle around the curve to the north.

"I wish the train would stay longer," said Tim.

"Well, it always comes back," said his father quietly.

Sam set the package down on the platform and picked up the *News*. He lit a cigarette and unfolded the paper. On the front page were all the important things that had gone wrong across the world the day before. After reading a minute, he gazed up at the high-spire redwoods on the mountains that rose steeply from the Eel River—gazed up as he had nearly every morning of the five years since they'd come to Bell Springs—and he smiled a little inside. This place is just right, he thought again. If you'd stayed in San Francisco, you'd be a junior executive by now, sitting in a glassed-off area, arguing with advertising people about how to get more people to ride the train to Los Angeles. But this is better for you, Sam—a station master far up on the old North California line with only a platform for a station. Up here, you don't have to argue in order to live. McNally's train goes by, but you don't have to take it unless you want to. You can stay here at Bell Springs with a fine wife and a happy kid and let the whole world alone. It was a good feeling.

Rachael Patterson came out the porch door, letting it slam. Sam saw his wife, tall and nice-looking even a hundred yards away, standing there in jeans and a bright blue shirt. She pushed back a lock of hair and shouted down to him, "The rod come?" Sam picked up the package and waved it. "Good," Rachael said. "Now quit standing there reading the paper, you. Breakfast is ready." The good feeling persisted in Sam as he continued to look at her. It was not shattered until he opened the package after breakfast.

As Rachael was clearing the dishes from the kitchen table, Sam brought the package in from the porch. Tim was on his way to collect eggs from the small barn in back of the house, but he stopped to see the new rod.

"Do you have to unwrap that oily old thing right on my table?" Rachael asked.

"I'll be careful, Rae. Just want to see if they sent the right one. They had to get it all the way from Fresno."

He took off the brown paper and unfolded several layers of newspaper stained with oil. "Yep, this is it," he said finally, picking up the slippery, dull-metal rod.

"When can we put it on the pump?" asked Tim eagerly.

"This afternoon, Timmy, when I get back."

Sam started to wrap up the rod, then stopped, looking at one of the sheets of newspaper for several seconds. "Why, I'll be damned," he said quietly. "Joe Blik. I thought he was dead."

Rachael was at the sink, clattering dishes into the hot water. "What?" she asked over the noise.

"Here's a picture of Joe Blik," he said without looking away from the paper. "I thought he was dead." Tim backed away a bit as Rachael came and looked over Sam's shoulder at the picture of a heavy, smiling man, standing in front of a jail. Even shaped in a smile, the face was mean. The one-word caption said, "*Released.*"

"Who is he, Sam?"

"It's Joe Blik. I knew him in Japan right after the war."

"What does it say?"

Sam slid the oily sheet from beneath the rod. It was the Fresno *Banner* of three days before, and the dateline was Blackton, a small town in the cotton country south of Fresno. Joseph Blik, a candidate for sheriff of San Paulo County, was shown being released from the county jail. Blik had been arraigned on a murder charge three weeks before, but the only witness against him had disappeared. The state's case against Blik had collapsed, and now he was free to resume his campaign. The article closed with a direct quote: "'My arrest was nothing but a cheap frame-up by the opposition,' said Blik. 'I'll win this election anyhow, and I might say for the record that I never killed anybody in my life.'"

"For the record . . . for the record," Sam repeated with a tight smile. "That's Blik all right. I thought he was dead."

"Why do you keep saying that, Sam?"

He folded the sheet slowly and dropped it on the table. "I guess because it's a shock to find that he's still around killing people." He walked to the other side of the table and sat down

on it, lighted a cigarette and looked out through the wavy glass windowpanes down the steep valley.

"Are you sure it's the same man?"

"I'd know that face anywhere, Rae. Besides, Joe Blik was always talking for the record."

"Who'd he kill?" asked Rachael quietly.

"Really kill or just pretend?" asked Tim.

"Wait a minute," Sam said, quickly cheerful again. There was no point in telling Tim about it. "This all happened years ago. It's got nothing to do with us now. Let's just forget about it." He walked calmly across the kitchen to get his hat, and then he kissed them both. "Be back late this afternoon, Rae. There'll be enough water in the tank."

"Take care, darling," said Rachael. "Better go for the eggs, Timmy," she added. When they'd left the kitchen, she picked up the article again and read it carefully. Then she stuffed the oily paper into the black-iron stove, where it caught quickly and burned fiercely.

Sam saddled up and whistled to Lex, the sheep dog. With the dog trotting along behind, he rode up out of the steep valley, then over the rolling, brown, oak-spotted mountain country toward Gerber's sheep pasture. The fog was gone, and it was the kind of warm, amiable morning that usually sent the good feeling through Sam Patterson. But he saw nothing of his countryside now, and he went through the day automatically. His mind had not gone back to Joe Blik for a long time, but now he found that every detail of the man had been frozen solid in his brain. It all came back with a crystal, terrifying clarity.

Early in October of 1945, Sam Patterson was assigned to the 33rd Army Division in the city of Kobe, Japan. The early days of the Occupation were pleasantly confused, and Sam's assignment grew out of the confusion. He was a Navy communications lieutenant then. There was absolutely nothing for him to do in an Army division headquarters, but nobody, including the fat happy colonel he reported to, seemed to be worried about this. Like a good host, the colonel said he was delighted to have Sam with the 33rd.

The officers lived in a hotel on a steep hill above the burned-out shell of a city—a big, old-fashioned, gingerbread building with the smell of rich food always in the lobby. On the evening of Sam's arrival, his friendly roommate, Lt. Casey, bought him a few drinks in the bar before dinner, and when the soft chimes rang, Casey led him to a circular table in the dining room, where Sam was introduced to six smiling Army lieutenants.

They all sat after the general was seated, and after a couple of minutes, the good-natured banter at the table tightened up noticeably as a big man approached. He pulled out the empty chair next to Sam and dropped into it. Casey leaned forward and introduced Sam Patterson to Capt. Joe Blik.

Blik was about thirty, with a big solid face sliced by two long vertical scowl wrinkles between the eyebrows. Even when he wasn't scowling, the wrinkles remained at full depth. He ignored Sam's right hand, held up in a cramped position as they sat next to each other.

"Navy, huh?" he said. "What the hell's the Navy doing here?"

Sam withdrew his hand and picked up his fork. Everyone at the table was uncomfortable, and Sam Patterson tried to think of something that would put them at ease, but Blik changed the subject and went charging on. "These crazy Oriental slopeheads," he said in a loud voice. "I was down all afternoon arguing with a Jap in the Home Ministry. I want a street to be a one-way street. Easier for my trucks. But he tells me it won't work . . . says they won't understand a one-way street. He gets out maps and argues for two hours. Finally, I busted his face in." He held up his hand, and there was a cut on the middle finger. "Tooth," he said. "But just for the record, it's now a one-way street."

That evening as they were going to bed, Sam asked Casey about Joe Blik. It was in Sam's mind that Blik might have been badly shaken up in battle.

"Oh, no," said Casey. "Blik sounds like a real conqueror, but he didn't do any fighting. He spent the whole war in Kansas." Sam smiled at this, and Casey went on. "I've never seen anybody like him. He acts like he's in charge of the whole world—all of it. The other day one of the Japs at the motor pool didn't get a windshield clean enough, and Blik spit on him—right on the front of his shirt."

"Maybe he wants to show that he could have fought if he'd had the chance," observed Sam.

"Maybe," said Casey, "but you know what I think. I think he's just a bad guy—a bad guy like you sometimes see in the movies. A complete bastard for no particular reason."

At sunset a few days later, Sam and Casey climbed into Sam's jeep in front of the division HQ building on the Kobe waterfront. They were going up to dinner, and when Blik happened to come out of the building, Sam offered him a ride too. Blik accepted with a grunt, and Casey slid over into the back seat. As they pulled away from the curb, Blik asked flatly, "What'd the Navy do, bring over a jeep for everybody in the club?" Sam did not reply.

They approached the Kobe railroad station. Hundreds of burned-out families had made shelters there under the arches of the massive concrete trestle upon which the railroad ran through the city. Also, there were always several thousand people waiting day and night near the station to ride into the country for food. A constant, milling mob completely filled the street, so Sam cut his speed and blew the horn in a solid blast. As they moved cautiously through the crush of people and through the strong odors of fish and cooking and sewage, Blik suddenly blurted, "Come on, Lieutenant, this is no way to drive through here. It stinks. Let's move it."

Before Sam could reply, Blik had grabbed the wheel with one hand and jammed his foot down hard on the accelerator. "This is how you do it," he shouted, suddenly laughing and weaving the little vehicle back and forth as it picked up speed. "Weave a little. Keeps 'em on their toes. You can just graze them . . . "

"Damn it, Blik, let go, let go," he shouted, fighting to get the big hand off the wheel. Then there was a vicious scream as the jeep thumped twice over something. He pulled on the hand brake, and the car skidded to a stop, the engine dead, the horn silent.

Sam jumped out. Twenty feet behind the jeep lay a screaming child.

"Hey, Patterson," shouted Blik with annoyance. "Let 'im be. There's a million slopeheads here. They'll take care of 'im."

"We'll get him to a hospital," said Sam, walking back toward the child.

"It stinks here, I tell you!" shouted Blik. "Let's go to dinner."

"Take it easy, Blik," said Casey quietly from the back seat.

Sam Patterson looked down at the boy on the dirty pavement, a small child, eight or nine years old—or maybe only five. He always had trouble judging the age of a Japanese, and particularly the kids. He knelt down to lift the child into his arms. The little face contorted, and sweat stood on the brown forehead, yet he suddenly stopped screaming. As Sam turned to carry him back to the jeep, Casey shouted, "Wait, Sam, I'll give you a hand." But then the engine kicked over hard, and Blik shouted: "To hell with this, you heroes. I'm goin' to dinner." Before Casey could jump out, the jeep, its engine screaming, sliced forward through the crowd at a terrifying speed. Sam shouted and started to run after the vehicle, but it was a ridiculous gesture. Blik drove on.

The Japanese pressed into a tight circle around him, and he felt a clear surge of terror. There was not an American face or a piece of American equipment in sight. They weren't unfriendly, though—simply curious to see how the American would work this out. He pushed the boy into the arms of a stubby man, then reached into his pocket for the bright-orange Army manual on how to speak Japanese. Standing there with his hands trembling, he looked up the word for "family."

"*Kazoku*," he said finally. No one replied. "*Kazoku. Kazoku!*" he repeated insistently. The hurt boy moaned, but that was the only sound he heard. The crowd was silent now, and even the shouts of the fish peddlers for blocks around seemed to have quieted. Sam shouted, "*Kaz o ku!*" again at the top of his voice, but it was futile. No one came to claim the child.

A large brown Japanese truck was pushing through the crowd, moving slowly, coming directly toward him in the dusk. After looking in the orange book for "hospital," he stood directly in the path of the truck and waved it down.

"*Byoin*," he said, climbing on the runningboard and pointing to the boy. The truck driver frowned and started to speak a long, fast string of Japanese, but Sam reached in and grabbed him by the front of the coat, repeating, "*Byoin, byoin, byoin.*" The driver tried to talk, but Sam kept shouting the word, and finally

the driver shook his head affirmatively, saying unhappily, "*Byoin*." Taking the boy in his arms again, Sam placed him on the hard, filthy bed of the truck. As he climbed in next to the child, he noticed that someone had tied a huge bright silk handkerchief as a tourniquet just above the knee.

The truck rumbled slowly through the broken streets, heading toward the hilly section along the northern edge of Kobe. It took them almost an hour to get to the Japanese hospital—a long, skinny three-cornered building standing untouched in the middle of acres of devastation. The driver stopped and shouted, "*Byoin*." He stayed in the cab while Sam carried the unconscious boy inside.

The half-lit, grey lobby was filled with disconnected, rusting medical equipment. Over in one corner, a nurse sat at a cluttered desk, reading a newspaper. Seeing Sam, she rose quickly and came to take the child from him, then carried the boy down a darkened hall shouting something. Sam waited, leaning on a large sterilizer whose door was missing.

After a few minutes a man in a white coat and soiled white pants emerged from the hall and crossed the lobby. He bowed slightly and handed Sam a card on which was written in a careful vertical script: "I am the doctor." He then took the card back and wrote laboriously on the other side. When he returned it once more, it said: "A boy is dead."

Sam leaned back against the sterilizer, weak for a moment. He'd thought the child had only fainted with pain, for he hadn't bled much. Then the bizarre thought crossed his mind that perhaps children that small didn't have much blood to lose. The doctor was writing on the card again, and this time Sam read: "The head was broken." He placed the card on the desk and walked out into the night.

The truck was gone, and as Sam began the long walk down to the Kobe-Osaka highway, a slow fury grew in him. Someone should kill Blik, he thought bitterly. You, Sam. You can do it. Then he shrugged this off in the darkness, laughing a little at the idea. No, he could not kill Blik, but he knew that he would have to fight him. Sam Patterson, who had always hated fighting—even big, luxurious Navy fighting where you could ride on a ship for

years and never see anybody get hurt—was going to fight Joe Blik. He would probably lose, but he would fight anyway.

Yet in the long lonely walk back to the hotel, this angry resolve faded, too. There was really no point in fighting. The kid was dead, and nothing would come of it except some messy knuckles, a broken nose, and a lot of paper work. The nameless kid was dead, and win or lose, Blik would do the same thing over again tomorrow.

He returned the guard's salute and went up the flat stone steps into the hotel. The lobby was empty, but he could hear Blik's voice, drunk and powerfully affirmative, bellowing from the bar. Sam went to the doorway and peered in. Blik's back was to him. "Why there's eighty million slopeheads in this country," he was shouting. "Never saw so many Japs! An' you gotta keep 'em in their place or they give you trouble. But just for the record, they're learnin' about ol' Joe Blik. One of 'em came in this mornin' and . . . " Sam stood there for a minute, undecided again as the voice rumbled on. Then he slammed the backside of his fist into his palm, turned and walked slowly up the wide old staircase to his room.

He flicked the light on, and Casey sat up in bed, blinking.

"Sam. Where've you been?"

"To some Jap hospital. Half way to Osaka, I guess."

"How's the kid?"

"He's dead. It fractured his skull." Sam sat wearily on the edge of his bed. "What can you *do* with a guy like Blik, anyhow?"

"I dunno, Sam. You know, he drove up here at seventy miles an hour—right through the heart of town. And then he walked straight into the bar and started drinking."

"He's still there."

"One thing we could do," said Casey, sighing and lying back in his bed. "I could write up a report of this and put it into Blik's record. He'd scream like a twisted eagle, but we were both witnesses, and we could make it stick."

"But what good would it do?" asked Sam, dispirited.

"Not much . . . but it'd be in his record, anyway." Casey smiled a little. "And Blik's always interested in keeping the record straight," he concluded.

Casey turned over and was soon asleep again, but Sam was trembling as he got into bed, and for a long time he could not even shut his eyes. It was not only the direct shock of the killing: the idea persisted in him that he must dress, go down and have it out with Blik. The thought rolled again and again through his tired mind, as though on the rim of a great wheel. But the wheel always came back to the same point. It was useless to fight Blik. Illogical and useless. It would do no good. Then the wheel would start again. When the green-white hands on his watch said quarter to two, Sam got up and lit a cigarette and went to the dresser for a stiff drink of Japanese bourbon. Much later, he slept a little, after knowing that victory, in some undefined, uncomfortable way, was Blik's.

Sam never saw Joe Blik again. Blik was already gone the following morning when he went down to breakfast. Casey said he'd been sent to a regiment far up on the north coast of Japan to supervise the destruction of ammunition. Then two days later came the report of Blik's death. Huge barges had been dumping the ammunition off the north coast into the Sea of Japan. There had been a tremendous explosion. The first message said that Capt. Blik was missing; the second that he was dead.

The same afternoon Sam's orders arrived, returning him to the States. The fat colonel detached him in fifteen minutes, and he walked out of the HQ building with the flimsy ticket to freedom in his hand. Joe Blik was dead, and Sam Patterson was going home. He thought with a smile that maybe the mills of the gods were grinding on his side after all.

But Joe Blik was not dead. He was alive, running for office down in San Paulo County, and saying for the record that he'd never killed anyone in his life. For eight years, while Sam had the man tucked away in death, Joe Blik's life had moved on. It gave Sam a bewildered, empty feeling now to think that Blik and all the violence in him had not really died in the Sea of Japan that day long ago.

In the evening, Sam and Rachael sat together on the screened porch. Gerber's sheep were in the Bell Springs loading corral; the

new connecting rod was on the pump; McNally had gone south, bouncing his goodnight whistle off Blue Mountain; Tim was in bed. It was a cool evening, and the wind coming up the valley moved the single, suspended light bulb above them in a gentle circle.

"What's the matter, Sam?" asked Rachael. "You haven't said three words since you've been back."

"I'm sorry, dear," he said, looking over and smiling at her.

"You're still thinking about that Blik."

"I'm afraid so, Rae."

"But why should it bother you so after eight years?"

He sat back and lit a cigarette and told her the whole story. "I guess the shock of finding out is what bothered me at first," he said toward the end. "After all, when you think a person's dead, you expect him to stay dead."

"Well, you'll get over that."

"Yes, but there's something else, Rae," he said slowly. "It's hard to explain, exactly. I haven't thought much about Blik in the past few years, you see. The first anger always fades. But whenever I *have* thought of him, I've had this funny split feeling. I'm glad he's dead—but yet I feel guilty in some way that I didn't do anything to stand up to him when I had the chance. I didn't tell him off or smash him in the face or make him report the death or anything. Nothing. I just lay in my bed and shook like a scared kid—and in the morning he was gone." Sam was silent for a moment, then he added, "But he's alive, Rae, and all day I've been feeling that my chance has come back."

"Your chance to do what?" Rachael asked tentatively. "You're certainly not going to smash him in the face now." She laughed quietly at the idea.

Sam paused while he considered his plan again. "No," he said, "but I thought as long as I was going down to the City tomorrow, I could take a train down to San Paulo County and tell the local newspapers that Blik was lying. That he *had* killed a person."

She smiled incredulously. "Sam, are you serious?"

"Why . . . why, yes."

"But what good would it do, dear?"

"It might keep Blik from getting elected," he replied quickly.

"That's what good it would do. Can you imagine Blik as a sheriff?"

"But that election is none of your business."

"Maybe not," he replied. "Suppose, though, that we lived in San Paulo County."

"But we don't live there, Sam. And . . . and besides, who would believe you?" Rachael went on. "A total stranger wandering into town with a story like that."

"That's one catch, all right," Sam answered thoughtfully. "There's no official Army record of the kid's death. Casey was writing one, but the day we heard that Blik was killed, he tore it up."

"Then it would be your word against Blik's. No editor would print a story like that without proof."

"But there is proof, Rae. Casey saw the whole thing. He'd come if I needed him."

"Casey!" Rachael's face clouded in surprise and disbelief. "Why, you don't even know where he is."

"Yes I do, Rae. Remember his Christmas card three or four years back? He's in Colorado somewhere . . . a town called Wagon Hill."

"Oh, Sam, be reasonable," Rachael said, a small edge of exasperation rising in her voice. "Even if you could prove it, would anybody down there really *care* if Blik ran into a Japanese child in a jeep eight years ago?"

"Somebody might, Rae." Sam took his wife's hand and looked at her with a smile. "Guess you don't want me to go, eh?"

"The whole thing is ridiculous, Sam." Rachael withdrew her hand, pushed back the lock of hair. She got up and walked to the end of the porch, peering out into the black night. Sam was silent, feeling that she was right, but reluctant to admit it. "Why, what would happen to Timmy and me?" she asked after a moment.

"I thought you could get along for a couple of days," he replied. "Gerber'll come over if you need anything . . . or McNally can stop and help out for a while."

"It's not that, Sam. Goodness, I can run the place for a bit." She spun around quickly to look at her husband. "This Blik is a dangerous man," she said.

"I know that, Rae," said Sam, remembering Blik's iron hand on the wheel of the jeep.

"You don't know what he'd try to do to you."

"That's true."

"I'll bet he killed that man it talked about in the paper, even if they can't prove it." Rachael was suddenly tense, speaking fast. "And he's got a *lot* of help if the only witness against him on a murder charge disappears." Then her eyes grew wide as though the idea had hit her for the first time. "Why . . . why, he's liable to kill you, too!" She leaned back against the screen and sighed, almost crying. "Oh, Sam, Sam, where did you ever get such a crazy idea?"

Sam Patterson got up and went to his wife and held her to him. "Come on, dear," he said easily. "Let's forget the whole thing. I didn't mean to get you so excited."

They had a cup of coffee in the kitchen, talking of small things that had happened around the place during the day, and after a while they went to bed. Sam was sorry that he'd upset his wife. Her attitude was natural and reasonable, but he could see that she would never really know his feeling for Joe Blik.

Sam lay restless in the bed next to his gently-breathing wife. He could not sleep, and he remembered the feeling. It was the same inside-twisting he'd felt that night in the hotel in Kobe. This urge to go to San Paulo County—it was the same as the urge to go downstairs and fight Blik that night. This was something he felt driven to do, something he had to do, yet all the logic was against him. It was senseless and useless to go to San Paulo County.

After breakfast, when Tim had gone out to get the eggs, he spoke to Rachael again. "Rae, I've decided. I'm going down to San Paulo County."

Rachael spilled a little of the coffee she was pouring. She sat down slowly opposite her husband. "For goodness sake, Sam," she said quietly, "I thought we had this settled last night."

"We did, Rae, and logically you were right. But at four in the morning I suddenly saw something I had never seen before. This is not a logical thing, and you can't beat it into something logical or you lose every time. This is an impulse—just a simple

thing. I feel that something's wrong and I can make it right."

"But the idea doesn't make sense, Sam. You know that."

"It makes a little," he said quickly. "It might make Blik lose the election. But I'm not arguing it that way. I simply want to tell the truth about Blik, that's all." And then he added, "Just for the record, Rae—*my* record."

Rachael looked down at the table. "Darling, we came here to Bell Springs to live peacefully and happily. This could wreck it, you know."

"I don't think it will, Rae," he said. "We came up into the redwood country to shut out a part of the world and live as we really are. It's been happier than I ever imagined life could be. But we can't . . . " He paused to think of how to say it.

"We can't shut out everything, is that it?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Almost everything," he said quietly. "But nothing that seems as important as this."

Rachael shook her head a little. "Funny," she said, "if the man who packed the connecting rod had turned to another page, you wouldn't know a thing about Blik."

"Yes, Rae, but I know now. What's the difference if I learned by chance?"

Rachael sat back and sighed and a flicker of a smile crossed her face. "Another thing's funny, Sam. I married a man, and after seven years I thought I knew him completely. Then it turns out there's a part of him I didn't know at all. Who'd ever have thought that Sam Patterson would act on an impulse?"

The day passed quickly—a routine day made unbelievable by the prospect of tomorrow—and that night as the City-bound train pulled out of Bell Springs, Sam was in the cab with McNally. The engineer gave a short toot on the whistle, opened the throttle, and the locomotive jerked ahead, leaving Tim and Rachael waving from the platform. As they went around the curve, the tender quickly cut off Sam's view of his wife and son.

McNally, a considerate man who let people alone, didn't ask Sam why he was going down to San Paulo County. As the engine battled the grade, he shouted to his passenger about the price of Gerber's sheep, about the success of his sister-in-law's operation, about the bad condition of the roadbed on the North

California line. "It's the manure," he shouted over the breathing, thumping engine. "Only railroad in the country that uses manure for ballast." He stopped talking after seeing that Sam wasn't listening or laughing.

It was almost dark as they got to Blue Mountain. Sam reached over to touch McNally's shoulder and shouted, "I told Tim I'd blow the goodnight whistle, Mac." McNally smiled and nodded, and a minute later Sam took hold of the cord and blew the old long-drawn-out whistle, with the overtone coming in at the end. He thought of the sound traveling down the valley, reaching back to touch the ears of Tim and Rachael in the little house above the track—bringing comfort to the child but none to her.

Then his thoughts shot ahead to the other side of the mountain—to that hot, flat, dry, lower San Joaquin Valley where he would find Joe Blik. The questions came quickly now, and he could not stop the flow. Could he get there tomorrow? Should he try to contact Casey? Would Blik remember him? Whom should he talk to first? Should he try to avoid meeting Blik? How would he handle any real trouble? The big question came back, too. Was he right in leaving his family for this—or was the idea completely crazy from beginning to end?

A few moments later, the engine careened around a curve and shot into the black tunnel at the head of the valley, engulfing the cab in a bedlam of noise and cinders and soot. The questions were unanswered, but Sam Patterson was on his way.

Three poems

MARTIN STAPLES SHOCKLEY

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

"This week, they're probably meeting world history in exactly the way we met it in the spring of 1913—by looking out the window at the willows and the sky." *The New Yorker*

Did Alexander cross the Alps?
When did Columbus die?
I hear a robin in the elm,
A bluejay screaming by.

Was Cleopatra England's Queen?
Who breeds a papal bull?
In lush and fragrant meadows
The brooks are running full.

Was Charlemagne the Spartan
Who married Joan of Arc?
The pussywillows are in bloom,
And jonquils in the park.

Who ate that dreadful diet of worms?
Was Richelieu a king?
Wisteria is on the air,
The sweet sad scent of spring.

Did William conquer Agincourt,
Or walk barefoot to Rome?
A long thin V lost in the blue,
Wild geese fly honking home.

I'll never learn your lessons,
However hard I try;
My heart is out the window
With the willows and the sky.

ANTHROPOLOGY

These ancient bones once dammed the Rio Grande
With black rocks lifted from the lava bed,
Then scraped a narrow furrow where they led
Water and life into an arid land.

Old bones, look here at me. I am the one
Who split the atom. I control the blast
Of cosmic forces, master at last
Of might and terror equal to the sun.

Above Los Alamos the smoke is white
Against the purple Jemez mountain range,
And people in pueblos by the stream
In the atomic rocket's flaming light
See omens of the white man's world of change,
In the long Indian night a troubled dream.

HOME AGAIN

Virginia is no country for young men,
Land of forgotten greatness and lost lore,
Of apple-blossomed fields, smooth pastures,
Blue mountains, and the placid Shenandoah.

I claim the towering granite of the west.
Green water, white against the canyon wall,
High plains, wide prairies, mesas and clear stars,
Sagebrush in spring and aspen in the fall.

I may go back again when I am old
To sense the undulations of the hills
That lie like time beneath the quiet sky;
To see one final autumn's red and gold
Sift softly as the wind of winter wills:
Virginia is the better place to die.

Love, death and the poet — Dylan Thomas

E. P. BOLLIER

Young poets in our time never die—they stop writing and quietly turn respectable. But Dylan Thomas, the Welsh *enfant terrible* of Swansea and England, the cherubic-faced bard of love and death who for two decades strutted and crowed a lyrical cock of the walk, did neither—he died. Suddenly in the middle of a lecture tour in New York City on November 9, 1953, he died at the age of thirty-nine on foreign soil in the best romantic tradition of Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

Considering such a dramatic reversal of contemporary expectations, one would think that his death would have set the world talking. On the contrary, it has gone relatively unnoticed by the public. True, the metropolitan dailies in this country honored Thomas with an obituary hidden among real estate and want ads. *Time* marked his death among its weekly milestones and later called it the “most tragic news in poetry” of the year. Some of the more alert among book-reviewers have laced their observations on the latest publications of other poets with a passing reference to Dylan gone. And an eminent group of American authors has formed a committee soliciting funds for the support of the poet's family. But if most Americans have heard of his death, they certainly have not seemed disturbed by the news. A few eyebrows may have been raised, but little more.

Yet sudden death ended as brilliant and as publicized a career as that of any other English or American poet of our time. From the publication of his first volume of verse, *18 Poems*, in 1934, Dylan Thomas was more than just another poet—he was a force. In that very decade when Auden, Spender, McNiece, and company were turning poetry into editorials on social decay and manifestoes of political revolution, Thomas was restoring to English verse its heritage of being the passionate, personal statement of the whole man. When Eliot was denying life and self in Wednesday exercises of religious abnegation, Thomas, exploring

his selfhood, was attempting to redefine what it meant to be alive. His always powerful and often violent lyrics startled poets and critics alike, and although he founded no poetic school, his name proved a rallying cry for young men who were weary of Auden's rusting machinery and Eliot's thin whispers of immortality.

But Thomas was more than a poetic meteor of the thirties. He continued to write, growing in stature and, one would think, in audience, judging from the variety of magazines in this country alone which have published him, a group ranging from the *Atlantic Monthly* to *Mademoiselle*. Further, since the end of World War II, he has been a familiar figure on the American lecture platform, his magnificent readings of poetry already a legend among those who heard him.

The fact remains, however, that even if Thomas has had a relatively wide audience for a contemporary poet, he is still little more than a name to the American public at large. Nor is this too surprising since even many of his readers confess uncertainty about his meaning and his final importance. Because his poetry is rather difficult at times, one might forgive both the indifference and the misunderstanding were it not that one suspects that Thomas is less at fault than a world which seems to prefer TV and prose digests to conversation and poetry. In any event, now that Dylan is safely dead, the time may be ripe to discover him.

Dylan Thomas has been alternately praised and damned as the greatest poet of our time and a drunken charlatan, as an authentic bard chanting his heroic vision of the glory of life and a neurotic intellectual fingering his decadent complexes. He has been called an explorer of the depths of the unconscious in the tradition of Rimbaud and an innovator of language in the way of Hopkins or Eliot. He has also been called a madman and a fake. Further he has been pegged, at various times, as a romantic, a mystic, a metaphysical, and even a surrealist. Such conflicting judgments are not of much help to the general reader, and such critical tags, useful perhaps to the literary historian, obstruct rather than assist understanding. One suspects that Thomas like too many modern poets has been too often either admired or scorned for the wrong reasons.

A fresh look at his poetry is needed, and such a look will quickly reveal that the peculiar problems which arise in understanding his poetry are the result of his attempt to express an extremely simple, not to say limited, subject matter—man's fundamental experiences of life, love, and death—in a very complex manner. Judging from popular art forms, one might conclude that the modern sensibility prefers to ignore the basic facts of man's biological existence and to avoid the verbally difficult. Sometimes children and adolescents alone seem candidly aware of the former and curious to explore the possibilities of the latter. However that may be, Thomas did write of life with something of their innocence, and he should be so read.

Certainly Thomas was interested—one might almost say obsessed—with the problems of childhood and youth. Although he may not be "the supreme poet of youth," he did give unforgettable expression to that intensely experienced age when body and mind seem one and it is ecstasy simply to breathe the morning air or lie in the sun. Other poets, of course, have celebrated this glory of youth; yet most of them, like Wordsworth, have recollected their summer days in tranquillity, if not maturity, but Thomas lived his in every line he wrote. Even when recalling his youth from the vantage of thirty years, he not only writes of it, but relives it with a startling immediacy.

These were the woods the river and the sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.
And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singing birds.¹

But Thomas is more than a celebrant of childhood's summertime. He is the poet of man's journey through time. His themes are the great and simple traditional themes of all great poetry: birth and death, life and love, the four seasons, the passage of time, all the terror and glory of being a mortal man. The only difficulty in understanding his themes lies in our accepting them as still relevant to the modern world and in seeing them as

Thomas does. And frankly, Thomas' way of seeing them does pose certain problems. In the first place, despite the constant apparent personal cry in the earlier poems, Thomas is not romantically expressing an emotional response to his themes, but is analytically dissecting them. His attitude is one of almost clinical inquiry and his purpose, at least partially, therapeutic. This is what he had to say after his first volume was published in 1934:

My poetry is the record of my individual struggle from darkness toward some measure of light Poetry, recording the stripping of the individual darkness, must, inevitably, cast light upon what has been hidden too long, and, by so doing, make clean the naked exposure It must drag further into the clean nakedness of light more even of the hidden causes than Freud could realize.

Although one may question whether this is what poetry should be, such an intent poses no problem in itself. But the poetry does present a recurring, sometimes confusing conflict between this attitude of cold analysis and that of passionate personal involvement. What is one to make of this upon first reading?

I see you boys of summer in your ruin.
Man in his maggot barren.
And boys are full and foreign in the pouch.
I am the man your father was.
We are the sons of flint and pitch.
O see the poles are kissing as they cross.

Disregarding for the moment the strangeness of the imagery, there is a perplexing fusion of the observer with the observed seen in the confusion of personal pronouns, the indecision between *I* and *we*, the suggestion that the *I* is the *we* of "you boys of summer." In short it is a little difficult to say whether the poet is speaking or his subject or both.

This confusion, strangely enough, is not only one of the chief obstacles to understanding Thomas, but also reflects one of his chief contributions to modern poetry. For Thomas wrote out of a unified awareness which not only saw life and death as two aspects of the same reality, but also refused to see any distinction between the body and mind, the mind and the world. Like Mr.

Eliot's metaphysical poets who felt their thoughts, Thomas in his poems thinks both his feelings and the feelings of his body. He feels himself simultaneously both the poet now and the child then, both himself and others, both the conscious rational self and the unconscious nonrational parts of the self. He has been called "the poet within the poet," writing not so much of his relationships with the world as of the relationship of his mind to his heart in a literal sense, his blood to his bones, organ to organ. He has given a voice to the inarticulate cells and memories of man. In one poem he cries: "Man be my metaphor," but he meant not man the social animal, but man the biological organism who, John Donne said, was

. . . a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic sprite.

He sees man as a little world of mute but living identities, and he lets them speak through him.

Shall it be male or female? say the cells,
And drop the plum like fire through the flesh.

Sometimes he speaks of himself before time was:

As yet ungotten, I did suffer;
The rack of dreams my lily bones
Did twist into a living cypher,

or describes the country of the womb where

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides.

Sometimes only one voice speaking, he is at other times a chorus of voices, and if the identity of these voices is occasionally obscure, he can be quite direct in naming them:

Am I not father, too, and the ascending boy,
The boy of woman and the wanton starrer
Marking the flesh and summer in the bay?
Am I not sister, too, who is my saviour?
Am I not all of you . . . ?

Thomas once said that his poetry must be read literally, but to do so, a reader must first realize not only this internal orientation of the poems, but also the attitude of mind which, seeing essential similarities between the inner world of man and the outer world of things, presents one world quite literally in terms of another. Like Blake who saw eternity in a grain of sand, Thomas finds the seasons of earth operating inside man as well:

I see the summer children in their mothers
Split up the brawned womb's weathers,
Divide the night and day with fairy thumbs,

for, as he tells us,

Symbols are selected from the years'
Slow rounding of four seasons' coasts.

Also he may describe the inner landscape in terms of the outer, as in

Invisible your clocking tides
Break on the lovebeds of the weeds,

or

Beyond this island bound
By a thin sea of flesh
And a bone coast.

Often, it is true, his imagery seems merely private or capricious, but more frequently his imagery and his thought is controlled by his sense of the oneness of life and the similarity in things. Man is, after all, a part of nature:

Hairs of your head . . .
Are but the roots of nettles and of feathers.

If this seems bizarre, one should remember that this conception of man as a miniature world is traditional and that it should trouble only those who either have never read poetry or have forgotten how to do so. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Brutus can speak of

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. . . the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

John Donne, with perfect ease, calls his mistress "O my America, my new-found land!" and likens himself to a "usurped town" on one occasion and to a "map" upon another. Thomas Campion's well known

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow

may be only a poetic figure of speech, but no more so than Solomon's

Thy waist is like a heap of wheat
Set about with lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two fawns
That are twins of the roe.
Thy neck is like the tower of ivory;
Thine eyes as the pools in Heshbon
By the gates of Bath-rabbim;
Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon
Which looketh toward Damascus.

This is the traditional language of poetry, and perhaps scientific journalistic prose has deadened its meaning. But even the sedate prose of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is supported by the conception of man's search for salvation as a journey through countries not found on any Rand McNally map.

To say that Thomas shares common poetic themes and ways of expressing them does not mean, of course, that all poets have written as he has or that he has been largely imitative. For one thing, Thomas is more dependent than most poets upon metaphor rather than simile. For another, it would be difficult to find many poets who have dramatized the inner voices of man. There were, to be sure, poets in the Middle Ages who often presented body and soul in debate over their respective functions, virtues, and relationships, but this sort of thing was purely intellectual and moral. Thomas' achievement is not: he has given a voice to

man's body, not intellectualized but as the body might very well speak had it a command of rational language.

The whole question of the sources of and influences upon Thomas' poetry—a question naturally consequent on any discussion of the traditional elements in his work—is a difficult one and, for an initial understanding of his poetry, perhaps unrewarding. Certainly, Thomas was fairly well, if erratically, read, and one can find certain usages of ideas, syntax, form, and imagery which echo his predecessors. Donne is an always present influence, and there is ample evidence to show Thomas' indebtedness to Gerard Manly Hopkins in a certain identity of outlook and in the use of similar technical devices, although since both Thomas and Hopkins were influenced by a study of metrics in old Welsh poetry, the latter coincidence may be fortuitous. The influence of the French Symbolists has been noted by some, but few poets writing since Eliot's first poems in 1917 have escaped their influence entirely. And the similarity remarked between Thomas and the surrealists arises only from a common exploitation of the unconscious, for whereas surrealism is a kind of automatic writing, Thomas' work is rigidly controlled by the poet's intellect. Then, too, there is a certain parallel between Thomas' later interest in elaborate stanzaic forms and the so-called pattern poems of George Herbert and such works of Milton as "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

Far more important for understanding Thomas is his indebtedness to three essentially nonliterary influences: the Bible, Welsh evangelism, and Freud. Although Thomas is definitely not a religious poet in his early work and only generally so in his latter, he does use the Bible as a constant mine of metaphor and image, and although his use of such references often may seem willful, it often provides a key, if not to his meaning, to his tone, as in

... I must enter again the round
Zion of the water bead
And the synagogue of the ear of corn,

where the theology may be unorthodox, but the tone of reverence

is clear. He often, too, uses Biblical names, as Milton did, with a child's love of the sonorous. But equally important with the Bible as a direct source for such recurring words as *holy*, *glory*, and *praise*, and the exultant, almost prophetic tone of some passages, are the hymns and sermons of the evangelistic Nonconformists of rural Wales which Thomas heard in his youth.

Although Thomas rarely wrote directly on Biblical themes, he has used various stories, particularly those dealing with Adam and Eve and Christ, as legends or myths sufficiently well known so that, without narrating them but by referring to them as significant parallels, he may give relevance to his own themes, as in this elegy written for a child killed in a London air raid:

I know the legend
Of Adam and Eve is never for a second
Silent in my service
Over the dead infants
Over the one
Christ who was priest and servants,
Word, singers, and tongue
In the cinder of the little skull . . .

The influence of Freud is more pervasive, consisting not in any direct borrowings of terms or metaphors, but in the effect on Thomas of Freud's opening of the dark world of dreams and the unconscious to rational exploration. Thomas confessed his debt to Freud and his similar purpose when he spoke of stripping the individual darkness bare. His poetry reveals it by progressing imagistically, full of puns and symbols, in the manner Freud discovered as the *modus operandi* of dreams. As W. Y. Tindall remarked, Thomas in his early poems by artificial dream-work, creates artficial dreams, although of real significance, thanks to Freud.

Freud postulated that the fears and desires of a man which the censorship of his rational ego has repressed into the unconscious as undesirable filter into the semi-conscious when sleep has made the censor unwary. However, these fears and desires appear, not nakedly, but in disguise, and dreams are both the disguise and the vehicle by which the repressed material makes itself known. Freud found that what was repressed would appear in dream as

some innocuous object or series of objects, and these he called symbols. Since Freud asserted most of the repressed material is sexual in nature, the symbols are covert representations of sexual fears and desires. Substantiation of this hypothesis came from a comparison of dream symbols with recognized sexual symbols found in folklore and folkart, religion, myth, and magic. Thus any elongated object signifies the male element, any hollow object the female. By interpreting the symbol and the dreamer's reaction to it, one might learn the true significance of the dream. To a certain extent, such analysis helps in understanding Thomas.

This explanation is, of course, an oversimplification, but it is sufficient to understand Thomas' basic usage. Concerned as he was with his own biologic history from conception to death, Thomas learned from Freud a way to present this basically sexual material in a manner, not only socially acceptable, but psychologically true. Thomas' own problems may be private, but they arise out of common human experience; and by using a framework of dreams, he could express himself in a manner common to all men, if not in their waking hours, at least in their dreams. The fact that the dream symbols are also common already to much art and literature makes them meaningful even to those who never have had a repressed desire of any kind.

With the assurance that Thomas deliberately uses Freudian symbols, one may understand that such a passage as "O see the poles of promise in the boys" is to be taken literally, and

. . . the golden shot
Storms in the freezing tomb,

in which Freudian significance couples with Thomas' awareness of death's presence in the very moment of inception, becomes clear. The rationale of such imagery as this becomes understandable too:

Do you not father me, nor the erected arm
For my tall tower's sake cast in her stone?
Do you not mother me, nor, as I am
The lover's house, lie suffering my stain?

Likewise in such a passage as

. . . the linen spirit
Weds my long gentleman to dusts and furies,

the "gentleman" is not only the male organ of generation, but the force of generation itself. This constant use of such symbolism and the constant punning (puns, too, are common in dreams), such as "Deliver me . . . from maid and head," may make Thomas' poetry seem rather strange on first reading, but they are essential to his method and his meaning.

If Freud's chief contribution to Thomas' work was in providing a sanction for the exploration of the unconscious and a stock of symbols, plus a method, capable of expressing that exploration, Thomas may also have borrowed the process of word-association common to both Freudian dreams and psychoanalysis, or found in this association a creative process similar to his own. This is Thomas' own explanation of the way he made a poem:

I make one image—though 'make' is not the word; I let, perhaps, an image be 'made' emotionally in me and then apply to it what intellectual and critical forces I possess—let it breed another, let that image contradict the first, make, of the third image bred out of the other two together, a fourth contradictory image, and let them all, within my imposed formal limits, conflict My object is . . . conventionally 'to get things straight.' Out of the inevitable conflict of images . . . I try to make that momentary peace which is a poem A poem of mine is, or should be, a watertight section of the stream [of time] that is flowing all ways, all warring images within it should be reconciled for that small stop of time.

This passage isolates, if it does not explain, the source of most of the difficulty in understanding Thomas' poetry. For whatever he means by an "image 'made' emotionally," there is no surety that the meaning will be clear to his reader. Just as in Freudian word-association, so in a poem constructed in anything like that fashion, the ordering of words and images, and hence their meanings, is not determined by any logical relationship or public understanding, but by the subjective connotations and associa-

tions such words and images hold for the poet. Thus not only the words, but also their relationships to each other are largely determined by their private, not their public sense. Further the concept of a poem as a "watertight section of the stream of time" means that instead of the usual conventional time sequence of images and meanings, one finds a limited exploration, just as if a botanist examined the cross-section of a plant's stem rather than viewed that stem lengthwise from roots to leaves.

As a consequence, despite the traditional themes and often traditional symbols, the reader is frequently left on his own in determining meaning, and his initial sense of frustration is likely to be great when he reads such a passage as this:

My Egypt's armour buckling in its sheet,
I scrape through resin to a starry bone
And a blood parhelion.

This can be explicated, of course, to some degree. "Egypt" is elsewhere associated with time and death

(. . . time, the quiet gentleman
Whose beard wags in Egyptian wind.)

and "armour" with the flesh of the body. If "sheet" is read literally as winding-sheet, then, one might hazard that Thomas is here, rather typically, expressing the moment of conception, birth, and death simultaneously, playing the role of father, mother, and child. The father's body is dying as he conceives the child; the mother's as she bears him; the child's flesh, too, is already dying as he is conceived and born. What the poet is saying in essence is that death is implicit in life, and only the rather positive associations of "starry" and "parhelion" (mock-sun) prevent this from being nothing more than a grim *memento mori*. However, the reading is admittedly arbitrary, and any such specific correspondence may prove unsatisfactory to anyone but the explicator.

Perhaps if all of Thomas' poetry were this difficult, there would be little justification for any attempt to evaluate him, but most of Thomas is relatively clear. And without entering into any argument about what poetry communicates if it does communicate,

one might point out that poetry is not decorated prose and that whatever can be said in prose as well as it can in poetry had better be said in prose. The fact is that what Thomas is attempting to say *is* difficult. Like the dreams he so often imitates, Thomas is giving voice to that which never before was articulate and which, with the best intent, he can make articulate only by allusion and suggestion. Certainly, even if explicit prose meaning occasionally escapes one, the power of evocation in much of his poetry is undeniable.

Although Thomas' poetic development was a fairly continuous and successful struggle toward intelligibility and the light of common day, his early poetry, although difficult, is not really obscure. Exact translation may be tenuous, but there is little doubt of the full meaning. There is nothing esoteric about

From love's first fever to her plague, from the soft second
And to the hollow minute of the womb,
From the unfolding to the scissored caul,
The time for breast and the green apron age
When no mouth stirred about the hanging famine,
All world was one . . .

nor about

We are the dark deniers, let us summon
Death from a summer woman,
A muscling life from lovers in their cramp,

nor finally about these lines:

And time cast forth my mortal creature
To drift or drown upon the seas
Acquainted with the salt adventure
Of tides that never touch the shores.
I who was rich was made the richer
By sipping at the vine of days.

His subjects are simple, and if he is now father, now mother, now child, now all of them, his themes remain the same. Just as the cell contains a blueprint of the child to be, so does it contain

a prescience of that child's history, remembered, as it were, from untold generations of ancestors. Just as the child is father of the man, so the man both fathers the child to be and remains the child that was. Any question of the actuality of prenatal memory is irrelevant. If this is not the way it is, this is the way it might be. Only sentimentalists who prefer to believe in cabbages or storks, or materialists who, thinking themselves mechanics, reduce man to a machine will deny the budding child an identity and consciousness of a kind. Poets know better, whether it be Wordsworth,

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home,

or Thomas,

I who was deaf to spring and summer,
Who knew not sun nor moon by name,
Felt thud beneath my flesh's armour,
As yet was in a molten form,
The leaden stars, the rainy hammer,
Swung by my father from his dome.

For Thomas the world of the womb is a microcosm of the world without; it has its own landscape and its own history. It is the "children's town" by a strange sea, swept by strange weathers, knowing terror and hope. It is here that the poet is made, and it is here that the poet must go to pluck out his mystery. In this dim world of genesis, the poet finds the face of love and the hand of death, and unravelling the thread of time, he discovers that the trinity of Eliot's ascetic despair—"birth, and copulation, and death"—is not an infernal cycle to escape from, but the inevitable and natural course of man's life. Man is caught up in time, and time means change, and change is another name both for life and death.

Death is not a popular subject, but it is an inescapable one, and to understand Thomas, one must understand his willingness to come to grips with it. When Thomas began exploring man's prog-

ress from the womb to the grave, he quickly discovered the grave *in* the womb:

A process in the eye forwarns
The bones of blindness; and the womb
Drives in a death as life leaks out.

With an insight possible only to one who is intensely alive, he came to see death everywhere and never more clearly than when most alive. "Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl," he says,

I sit and watch the worm beneath my nail
Wearing the quick away.

Even in sleep he dreams his "genesis in sweat of death," and imagining himself an unborn child, he knows his end:

My heart knew love, my belly hunger:
I smelt the maggot in my stool.

Upon first reading, such an awareness of mortality may seem unhealthy and obsessive, but if contemporary man has done his best to counteract death and disguise its presence by a gentleman's agreement of verbal subterfuge, death remains the ultimate end of man's flesh. Other men in other times have attempted to master death, not by avoiding the subject, but by facing it, and nothing reveals Thomas' traditional attitude in this respect so clearly as a comparison with the great English poets of the past. Hamlet's jest in the graveyard is, of course, familiar, where meditating on Yorick's skull, he says: "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor must she come." But when King Lear speaks, not only do we hear the funeral drums, but imagery remarkably like Thomas':

. . . we come crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.

And even stronger is the mad king's cry when Gloucester wishes to kiss his hand: "Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality." Nor is there a more succinct statement of Thomas' insight than

Lear's flippant "I will die bravely, like a bridegroom," which also echoes the paradox found in the seventeenth century George Herbert's "Mortification":

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves.

And even if sermons are rather passé in these times, John Donne's last one, "Death's Duell," could stand as a text for much of Thomas' poetry:

Wee have a *winding sheete* in our Mothers wombe, which growes with us from our conception, and we come to *seeke* a *grave*; and as prisoners discharg'd of action may lie for fees, so when the *wombe* hath discharg'd us, yet we are bound to it by *cordes* of flesh by such a string, as that we cannot goe thence, nor stay there; wee celebrate our own funeralls with cries, even at our birth.

However, if Thomas is traditional in his concern with death, his conception, at least in his early poetry, is not religious but naturalistic. He sees death as a process of life, affecting all living things:

Flounders, gulls, on their cold, dying trails,
Doing what they are told,
Curlews aloud in the congered waves
Work at their ways to death,
And the rhymer in the long tongued room,
Who tolls his birthday bell,
Toils toward the ambush of his wounds.

And he knows that death and life are complementary, not antithetical, two aspects of the same reality:

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.

But Thomas' vision is not compounded all of darkness. Though he has no certainty of divine salvation, he both fears and hopes, and much of the passionate intensity of his poetry springs from

his attempt to reconcile the fear of this dying and the hope of this living. If he began in fear, he learned that

Light and dark are no enemies
But one companion

and that "Dark is a way and light is a place." If much of his early verse echoes the terror of "I saw time murder me," the later poetry is filled with lines of triumphant acceptance:

That the closer I move
To death, one man through his sundered hulks,
The louder the sun blooms
And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults:
And every wave of the way
And gale I tackle, the whole world then,
With more triumphant faith
Than ever was since the world was said.

Such, then, is the general nature of Thomas' poetry, his themes and his approach. The importance of his subject can hardly be denied. One might prefer a more social, a more public orientation than Thomas usually provides, but most should agree with him when he said: "My poetry is, or should be, useful to others for its individual recordings of the same struggle with which they are necessarily acquainted." Granting the universality of his subjects and themes, the questions remain: What has been his attitude toward them? How well has he expressed it?

The two questions must be considered together, for in his first poems, published when he was twenty, Thomas not only presented a world until then unknown to poetry, but also created an almost new language to express it. Essentially a lyric poet, Thomas did not so much make statements about this world of time and the womb as recreate it, and his language was fashioned, not for logical explanation, but for emotional evocation. His purpose was to bring to light that which had been hidden, but he wrote on the principle that re-experiencing was itself a form of understanding. Once granting this purpose and given a key to his symbolism and method, one must admit that his language does just what he intended it to do. And what it does is recapture

the very sensation of being a living creature caught up in the tragedy of time from the moment the flesh forms to its ultimate decay, with all its terror, all its joy, all its questionings.

But if Thomas created a new genre of poetry in his early work, he also exhausted it, at least for himself. In his poetry of the late thirties, *25 Poems* and *The Map of Love*, he turned from the world of the womb to that of common day, but with peculiar results: Thomas himself seemed to be echoing Thomas. What had happened is not uncommon: his language and techniques so necessary and so well suited to his original subject had become mannerism and habit. In short, his language to a great extent was no longer fitted to his new and different subjects, but he continued to write about the world of men and beasts and birds and fish in the rhetoric of the womb. It was in this crucial transitional period that he wrote the furious obscurities of "Altarwise by Owl-light" and "If my head hurt a hair's foot," in which

. . . . If the unpricked ball of my breath
Bump on a spout let the bubble jump out.
Sooner drop with the worm of ropes round my throat
Than bully ill love in the clouted scene,

sounds like a parody of the early work, the discord of vowels and the mouthfuls of consonants succeeding almost as well as the "worm" in choking love.

It would be pleasant to say that Thomas succeeded in ridding himself of such rhetorical mannerisms which marred so much of his work in the late thirties, but it would be untrue. Some of his very last poems show the same excessive verbal tricks, the same almost deliberate obscurity. To the end Thomas remained partially enslaved to his early manner. But if his technical development remained uneven, his poetic vision continued to grow. His poems written during the war and published as *Deaths and Entrances* in 1946, and those written since, included in his *Collected Poems* of 1952, document his continual reaching outward to embrace the world, his continual groping to understand others, as well as his continual striving to come to terms with himself.

Along with some excellent poems, such as "A grief ago" and "Ears in the turret hear," on the old themes in the old style, one

finds poems which are essentially different, with a new and public simplicity in both subject and manner. Thomas could sing of the unity of life and the pain of division with a new clarity:

This flesh you break, this blood you let
Make desolation in the vein,
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap;
My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

And he could speak of himself and his present problems in a tone both more human and more poignant:

The features in their private dark
Are formed of flesh, but let the false day come
And from her lips the faded pigments fall,
The mummy cloths expose an ancient breast,

and although he still expressed despair, albeit more personal,

I have been told to reason by the heart,
But heart, like head, leads helplessly,

he also spoke with a new defiance of his old terrors,

By these I would not care to die,
Half convention and half lie.

And there is no possible doubt either of Thomas' acceptance of life and death or of his ability to bend his language to his needs when he wished if one reads the short but fine "Twenty-four years remind the tears of my eyes" with its ending,

Dressed to die, the sensual strut begun,
With my red veins full of money,
In the final direction of the elemental town
I advance for as long as forever is.

Nothing, however, so clearly reveals Thomas' constant growth as his new concern with death as something which happens to individuals. The two elegies "The tombstone told me when she died" and "In memory of Ann Jones" are as fine as any written in the last fifty years. And in the elegies of the war, viewing

death as more than a speculative enemy, Thomas wrote some of his finest poetry. "Dawn Raid" and "Ceremony After a Fire Raid" are impressive, although the latter is marred by verbal tricks, but "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London" is magnificent. Refusing to mourn her death until he too must die, he vows not to

. . . murder
The mankind of her going with a grave truth
Nor blaspheme down the stations of the breath
With any further
Elegy of innocence and youth.

Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter,
Robed in the long friends,
The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother,
Secret by the unmourning water
Of the riding Thames.
After the first death, there is no other.

His forging of an attitude toward his own death is equally significant, particularly since it might be "useful for others." It is one thing, Thomas seems to have realized, to look objectively upon death as the fate of all living things, and another to know that death's bell tolls for oneself. In a poem of the late thirties he asks, "How shall my animal . . . endure burial?" and there is no satisfactory answer. But in the poem to his son, Llewelyn, conceding that "all is undone" even before birth, he, nevertheless, refuses to despair because

. . . all your deeds and words,
Each truth, each lie,
Die in unjudging love.

Once enamored of the idea of death, he no longer seeks it or celebrates it, but loving life, embraces all created things. Death must come, but in the poem written on his thirtieth birthday, he cries

O may my heart's truth
Still be sung
On this high hill in a year's turning,

and in "Holy Spring" he says, although "struck lonely as a holy maker by the sun," he still must bless "hail and upheaval . . . If only for a last time." And in "Vision and Prayer" (its strangely shaped stanzas reminiscent of Herbert's, "Easter Wings") the poet reveals his spiritual conversion, a kind of epiphany, at the birth of a child. The poet is overwhelmed by the power and glory of life, or love, or God, as one prefers:

. . . In the name of the damned
 I would turn back and run
 To the hidden land
 But the loud sun
 Christens down
 The sky.
 I
 Am found.
 O let him
 Scald me and drown
 Me in his world's wound.
 His lightning answers my
 Cry. My voice burns in his hand.
 Now I am lost in the blinding
 One. The sun roars at the prayer's end.

This *is* Dylan Thomas. The essential Thomas is not dead so long as the "country of death is the heart's size." A reshaper of language, an explorer of man's dark beginnings, he sought to know himself and make peace with his past before judging the world. In his slow mastery of the mystery of life, he learned to love all living things. Blake's cry could be his: "Everything that lives is holy, Life delights in life." Once terrified by time and change, he came to see, not birth as a form of death and life a long wound, but death as the promise of rebirth, if in no other sense than the renewal of life in forever new generations, and life itself as glory. Once a cold dissector of man's fate, an almost impersonal voice of biologic processes, he learned to look beyond the country of his skull into the lands inhabited by others. Once content to strip the darkness clean for no other ears than his own, he grew to say

Not for the proud man apart
 From the raging moon I write
 On these spendthrift pages
 Nor for the towering dead
 With their nightingales and psalms
 But for the lovers, their arms
 Round the griefs of the ages,
 Who pay no praise or wages
 Nor heed my craft or art.

In discovering compassion, he was rewarded with the love of creation. And if he sometimes tried too hard to be the poet, if he sometimes repeated himself, he always was a true poet and at his best he bears repeating.

O kingdom of neighbors, finned
 Felled and quilled, flash to my patch
 Work ark and the moonshine
 Drinking Noah of the bay,

for

We will ride out alone, and then,
 Under the stars of Wales,
 Cry, Multitudes of arks! Across
 The water lidded lands,
 Manned with their loves they'll move,
 Like wooden islands, hill to hill.
 Huloo, my prowed dove with a flute!
 Ahoy, old, sea-legged fox,
 Tom tit and Dai mouse!
 My ark sings in the sun
 At God speeded summer's end
 And the flood flowers now.

FOOTNOTE

¹These lines and all others from Thomas' poems are taken from *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas* (New York: New Directions, 1953).

Four fables from La Fontaine

DONALD SUTHERLAND

THE FISH AND THE CORMORANT

There was in all the countryside no stream or pool
a cormorant did not exact a tribute from.
Stockponds and reservoirs paid him their maximum;
so his cuisine went well. When age began to cool
the poor bird's vigor sadly
the same cuisine went badly.

What bird is its own caterer and forages
alone? The cormorant. So ours, too old to look
through the waters of a brook,
having neither net nor hook,
suffered fearful shortages.

What did he do? Necessity, which manages
some stratagem in time, found this one: By a lake
he spied a crawfish unemployed.

"Good creature," said the cormorant, "make haste and take
this news to all the fish (but break
it gently): they shall be destroyed:
the Owner of this land will fish here Saturday."

The crawfish crawls in haste away
to spread the news. The to-do's great,
they rush, meet, send a delegate
off to the bird. "Lord Cormorant,
where is your evidence? Who made you cognizant?
Can you be certain it is true?

Can we prevent it? What is the best thing to do?"
"To emigrate," says he. "But that's impossible!"
"Don't worry about that. I shall transport you all
one at a time to my retreat.

God only and myself can tell its roundabout
secret approaches that defeat
pursuit, and in it you will find

a spacious pool that Nature's hand has hollowed out,
unknown to faithless humankind,
for your republic's deep defense."
Which they believed. The citizens
of water were transported one
by one beneath that lonely stone.
There, when the kindly cormorant
had put them in a beautiful,
transparent, shallow, narrow pool,
he took them, one a day, according to his want,
and taught them one should never place
one's confidence in persons I may designate
consumers of the populace.
The lesson cost them little, since the human race
would have devoured its share with equal greediness.

What matter who devours you? Man or wolf, all paunches rate
as one in this regard, I guess.
One day the more, one day the less,
the difference is not so great.

THE FROG AND THE OX

A frog who happened to behold
an ox and thought his figure grand—
she being smaller than an egg, all told—
gets jealous, puffs, swells, struggles to expand
her shape to match the magnitude of his,
saying, Oh, sister, just watch this:
is that enough, now? Tell me. Now, this must be better.
"Scarcely." Well, how is that? "No bigger than at first."
And this? "Not even close." The wretched little critter
puffed herself up until she burst.

The world is full of people no more wise:
the bourgeois want to build like emperors,
each princeling has to have ambassadors,
each marquis sets his heart on equerries.

THE RABBIT AND HIS EARS

Some animal with horns once rather slightly gored
the Lion, who, indignant, roared
he would not risk such pangs again
and banished out of his domain
every animal with horns upon its head.
So goats and rams and bulls left home and lost no time.
Elk, moose went to another clime,
nor did they linger as they fled.

A rabbit, noticing the shadow of his ears,
took fright, lest some inquisitor
should go construing them as horns and say they were
horns as to length, and so on—virtually a deer's.
“Farewell!” he cried. “Farewell, friend cricket! I must go,
I too! Such ears as mine would end as horns, I know.
But if I had them shorter than an ostrich has
I should be just as terrified.” The cricket said,
“You call those horns? You take me for an ass.
They’re ears, if ears God ever made!”
“Someone will make them pass for horns,”
the timid beast replied, “for horns of unicorns!
Why argue? Protests, reasons, arguments and such
would land me in the Booby-hutch.”

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

The grasshopper, who sang a song
all summer long,
soon had nothing to her name
when the autumn breezes came,
not a single little shred
of worm or fly to keep her fed,
so she went to sing her chant
of famine to her friend the ant,
begging for a loan of grain

till the spring came round again,
just enough to keep alive.
"Back by August I will give—
on my oath as animal—
interest and principal!"
To the ant, lending's a crime;
that's the least defect in her.
"How'd you spend the summertime;
said she to that borrower.
"Night and day, to every chance
listener, I sang. D'you mind?"
"So you sang! How very kind!
Well, this winter you shall dance!"

ELUSIVE

By ETHEL J. THEILGAARD

Made of essence more than flesh
And less than rain or sunset blush,

Mysterious as my easy breath,
Flutter the firefly and the moth.

Enchanted light entwines itself;
Moth quivers over unseen gulf.

Lichens — only survivors?

SAM SHUSHAN and WILLIAM A. WEBER

Science fiction writers like to picture the earth, some billions of years from now, as a barren, cold, and gloomy planet from which all but a few simple forms of life will have vanished. They also like to speculate on the organisms which might survive on a dying earth. As natural resources diminish and the earth becomes less and less able to support large numbers of plants and animals, the survivors among living things will necessarily be forms which make relatively small demands on the environment for space and food, which can compete successfully with other forms of life, and which adapt themselves to progressively disadvantageous changes in their environments. Only the lichens meet all these conditions—at least in the minds of the writers of science fiction.

Some stories identify lichens as among the first forms of land life on the earth; others portray these simple plants as the only living things on other planets. In a recent radio fantasy, a "Space Cadet" did battle with some strange and fearsome lichens which emitted clouds of invisible lethal gases, although within the hour this "creature of outer space" succumbed to the advances of twenty-fifth century science. If we are to believe the various accounts, lichens must be endowed with extreme tenacity and endurance; their longevity and resistance to adverse conditions must be phenomenal, and they would appear to merit being at the head of a list of "last survivors."

Fiction usually has at least some small basis in fact. Much science fiction is admittedly absurd, but even when out-and-out fantasy is separated from what might be true, there remains the fact that for most people lichens are as mysterious as fiction writers make them. What are lichens anyway? At best, inadequate answers are given in most textbooks. A college student meets the "lichen" probably once in his career, in the course in elementary biology. His textbook, more than four hundred pages long, devotes perhaps a half-page to the subject. He is informed

that lichens are a peculiar group of simple plants in which a fungus and some algae live together as a single duplex organism. His book usually explains that the fungus and the algae are more or less mutually dependent, the fungus contributing shelter, moisture, and minerals, while the algae manufacture complex food materials. At least the student learns that lichens are unique organisms. But he has not penetrated the mystery of their uniqueness.

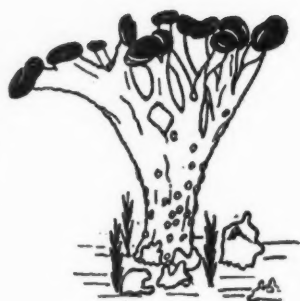
A multitude of questions must be answered before a lichen can really be understood. What is a lichen species if it is at the same time two species; how and why did such a form of life arise; why are lichens so successful that more than twenty thousand kinds of them are spread over the surface of the globe; are they ravaged by disease, eaten by animals; do they live forever? Let us go in search of possible answers.

First of all, just how does one recognize a lichen? In the animal world, the various birds, mammals, reptiles, and insects have characteristics which even a child can recognize. Without scientific training most people can easily master the differences between lions, tigers, leopards, bobcats, or house cats, even though these animals are very closely related biologically. In the entire plant kingdom, on the other hand, the total range of variation is small compared to the variety of form and structure found in even a single related group of animals. All plants have essentially the same general plan of construction but, although differences exist, they are not nearly so apparent to the layman as are the differences between animals. And lichens are the most difficult to recognize, because here the difference is a microscopic one, namely the presence of green unicellular plants scattered amidst a cottony mesh of fungus threads.

Although each lichen species has its own distinctive appearance, tremendous variation exists from species to species. In shape they range from spheres, threads, tiny bushes, flakes and sheets to amorphous powdery masses. In color the plant bodies, or thalli, rival the hues of the rainbow. When dry, they do not wither, but become rigid and brittle; when wet, they are soft and pliable, but tough. Because of their lack of complex organization, they are seldom more than an inch tall and yet they may range from fractions of an inch to several feet in length in the hanging varie-



Two times normal size



Four times normal size

FRUTICOSE or TREE-TYPE LICHENS

ties. The majority of them show minute saucer- or button-shaped discs on their thalli, although in some these "fruiting" structures are hidden from view. Many of them are sprinkled with small powdery masses—powder which contains the "makings" of future lichens.

Lichens betray themselves more by what they are not than by what they are. They never have flowers, fruits, cones, or seeds. They never possess leaves, roots, or stems. And rarely are they grass-green in color. Lichens, therefore, can hardly be mistaken for mosses, ferns, or any of the higher plants, since these are usually rather complex, leafy plants with a true green color. Probably the most difficult task for an amateur is to distinguish a lichen from its nearest relative the fungus, because fungi superficially resemble many of the lichens which grow on trees, dead wood, or soil. However, if one scratches the thallus or smashes a bit of it, the green of the algal cells hidden within becomes apparent if the plant is a lichen.

Lichens are responsible for much of the subtle color patterns of the rocks and, to a smaller degree, those of the trees and soil.

Unless one looks closely at a lichen-covered boulder, he will find it difficult to determine whether its color pattern derives from a mineral stain, or a few crystals of hornblende, or the plant body of a lichen, so remarkably do the lichens blend in with the natural features of surfaces on which they grow. Little wonder that the average hiker seldom notices them. Some lichens look like bird-droppings on rock, pieces of charred paper, splotches of paint, miniature cobblestones, varicolored mosaics; others are branched, bushy, standing erect on the heath or jutting out in peculiar directions from tree trunks or dead branches. In humid climates, the "old-man's beard" hangs down from the branches of trees in festoons several feet long, providing nesting material for hummingbirds and warblers. Still other kinds spread out in flat gray sheets over the bare earth or on the smooth bark of trees, forming interesting rosette designs. A few kinds live unattached, blowing from place to place as the wind moves them, sometimes piling up in deep drifts against snow fences. A bleached whale skeleton, a roof of cedar-shakes, some canvas sail-cloth washed up on the beach, tombstones in a churchyard, a cement walk, a rock chimney, or an outdoor fireplace, all sooner or later become the homes of lichens.

But what is a lichen biologically speaking? The answer to this question is implicit in another question: what is a fungus? Many botanists believe that the fungi, which include mushrooms, *Penicillium*, mildews, and the like, are descendants of algae, the simplest of the green plants, which have lost their chlorophyll. These non-green algae, unable to manufacture their food in the manner of normal green plants, evolved a method of obtaining ready-made food by becoming parasites or scavengers. The fungi, as any farmer can testify, have become eminently successful at this game, for there are few kinds of plants which do not have some type of fungus parasite to make life miserable for them.

A few of these fungi, however, solve the food problem in another way, a unique way which creates the lichen. They simply permit stray algal colonies to develop within the rather dense meshes of their own bodies. Then they feed on a few algae at a time, while allowing the rest to reproduce normally. They eat their algae cake and have it too, maintaining a sort of "ever-normal granary."

What happens when the fungus is experimentally removed from the algae? The algae seem to do very well; in fact, most of the algal types found in lichens happen to be those which are commonly encountered in free-living states. The fungus, on the other hand, must be reared on a special medium and provided with food; but even so, the fungus never develops into a typical "lichen" plant. It is unable to produce its characteristic spores and, in this respect at least, behaves abnormally. In other words, the lichen species really is something unique; it is not merely a combination of two species of different things which happen to grow together. The individual produced in tandem is completely different from the sum of the two individuals taken separately! The Gestalt Theory of psychologists, in which the whole is greater than the sum of its parts, describes the lichen's situation nicely.

Leading this kind of double life poses problems. The lichen, in order to reproduce its own kind, must somehow reproduce both of its parts simultaneously. The normal method of reproduction of the fungus is by the dispersal of tiny cells called spores. The chance of such a spore reproducing the lichen depends upon its landing on a spot which happens to be already occupied by that proper kind of algae and to be a congenial habitat for the lichen. How many times these conditions are met we do not know, but we do know that a number of lichen species have completely dispensed with the production of spores as a means of reproduction. More commonly, the lichen reproduces by pinching off a bit of its thallus, or plant body, containing a little fungus tissue and a number of algae cells. This can be accomplished by a simple mechanical breakage or by the elaboration of powdery granules or lobes, which become detached and blow about the countryside. When these "soredia" alight on a favorable site, they are ready to take up housekeeping without further delay.

"Without further delay"? Actually, lichens are probably the slowest-growing of all living things. Even foliose, or leafy, lichens increase at the rate of only one-half inch in diameter in a year, and they are some of the fastest growing types. Some fruticose, or shrubby, lichens grow at a rate rapid enough to be nuisances on fruit trees, even causing in some cases damage to the trees. But the crust lichens are the experts at the "slowdown." Dr.

W. S. Cooper observed crust lichen colonies near Lake Superior for seventeen years and reported no apparent change in the size of the plants. Cemeteries provide fairly accurate evidence on the growth rate of the lichens and the rate of invasion of new rock surfaces. In an old cemetery in Wichita, Kansas, only a few tombstones less than fifty years old had any lichens on them at all, while those over a half-century old had only a scattering of "young" colonies. One set of matched tombstones of natural red sand stone was covered with a multitude of lichen species. We learned from the family who own the plot that these stones had been imported from Oklahoma, lichens and all, in order to satisfy a whim of one of the "occupants." The measurement of lichen growth is not a popular research project; the subject usually outlives the researcher.

In the matter of growth rate, lichens demonstrate superior survival value. A slow rate of growth usually implies a low rate of metabolism, ability to exist on less food, less water, less oxygen, and few minerals. It has been claimed that lichens, being the first plants to colonize bare rock, are therefore the creators of the first soil and pave the way for all other forms of vegetation. The success of a lichen, however, depends very often on how long it can postpone the event of its replacement by other plants. Most lichens, at least the crustose forms, enjoy an extended tenancy.

Another reason for the longevity of lichens is that they have surprisingly few natural enemies. Several species are eaten by wild animals, especially in the arctic regions. But these species often grow so rapidly and in such great quantity that they may be harvested as hay. The damage done by insects, slugs, and mites appears to be relatively slight. Probably the most serious scourges of lichens are those fungi and other lichens which grow over the thalli and sometimes even live inside them.

"Out of the frying pan and into the fire" rather aptly describes the existence of a lichen. Condemned to sit upon a rock forever, alternately freezing and frying, soaking and sizzling, year in and year out—that is the life of a lichen. Few other organisms are subjected to such frightful extremes of climate, yet live to tell about it. In 1932, P. Becquerel air-dried and oven-dried the thalli of several lichens. He then exposed them to temperatures of 268

degrees Centigrade (about 514 degrees Fahrenheit) from one to seven hours. Such temperatures will char paper, yet when the lichens returned to room temperature, they resumed their normal metabolic processes.

Lichens rival the sponges in their ability to soak up water, but contrariwise, no sponge would be able to survive the extreme desiccation which lichens take as a matter of course. Neubauer found that the water content of some lichens varies from two per cent of their dry weight on dry days to over three hundred per cent on rainy days.

So as our fiction writers suggest, lichens are seemingly indestructible. Nevertheless, lichens do die and when this happens they are soon destroyed by the action of the elements and the scavengers in which Nature abounds. However resistant they may be to changes in temperature and moisture, lichens seem to be exceedingly sensitive to chemical and physical impurities in the air. For this reason, they are seldom found in quantity around metropolitan areas. Even small towns have a meager lichen population compared to that of the open country. The soot, grime, carbon monoxide from automobiles, and gases spewed forth from the smokestacks of industries are too much for them.

Dr. Volkmar Vareschi, a Venezuelan botanist, believes that this sensitivity of lichens to foul air may be a cheap and reliable indicator of healthful air conditions, and that lichens may have a useful application in solving problems in sanitary engineering. Not long ago canary birds were kept in coal mines to serve as alarms when the oxygen supply neared exhaustion; perhaps lichens can be used in a similar way on a larger scale. By making a lichen census on the trees which line the streets of the city of Caracas, Venezuela, Vareschi was able to divide the city into four zones. The first, a zone of pure country air, was one in which the foliose and fruticose lichens were abundant, well developed, and frequently possessed fruiting bodies. The second zone, of slightly impure air, was one in which the fruticose lichens were absent but where the foliose lichens were still normal. The third zone, of average impure air, contained only a few kinds of very resistant foliose lichens, and the fourth zone was what he called a lichen desert, in which the air was so foul that no lichens were

able to develop normally. But these lichen deserts were not necessarily in the center of town. Vareschi found Caracas to be almost an ideal city, where the intelligent placing of parks, along with the natural arrangement of the canyons flanking the area, forms a great natural air-conditioning system in which the normal air currents continually replenish the supply of pure air.

So long, then, as the universe has some fresh air, the lichens are likely to survive many other forms of living organisms. They have a unique ability to exist in habitats which are shunned by higher forms of life; they have solved the food problem; they have devised the simplest type of reproduction imaginable; their metabolism is extremely slow; and they show a maximum ability to withstand extreme changes in environmental conditions. History suggests that predictions, if based on a grain of truth, all too frequently come true. The science fiction writer of today, armed with facts rather than fancies, probably could make a good case for the lichen as the only survivor.

FATHER AND CHILD

By JON SWAN

God, I was at my window, afternoon
And evening twisting fire and shadow through
The grass; my elbow hard against the sill.
She turned, running from me to see scatter
A sun off ascendant wings, carelessly,
A butterfly. O if I, if I too
Could bring such April miracles, or spin
A luxury of light, casually fill
An expectant hour with Edens anew:
Apple and snake and absolute tree—soon,
Even then, she would turn. Where has she been;
Among what envious stars, through what blue
Acre of the wind, to find her father, me,
And love, less than lights butterflies scatter?

World crisis — 1954 model

VINCENT W. BEACH

Although the twentieth century has produced a vast accumulation of gadgets which have brought leisure time and physical comfort to the masses, it has produced no comparable science of society capable of resolving the conflicts which grow out of the selfishness and egotism which seem to be dominant forces in determining human behavior. Man has the accumulated experience of seven thousand years of recorded history to guide him, but the obvious and unpleasant truth is that man, century after century, has refused to profit by the lessons history teaches and makes the same mistakes time and time again.

Last summer's revelation that Russia has produced and exploded a hydrogen bomb indicates that the greatest armament race in mankind's history is in the making—a contest which may end in the destruction of civilization as we have known it and which will prove once again that men profit little from experience. Russia's possession of the hydrogen bomb and her production of a fleet of long-range turbo-prop bombers capable of delivering that weapon dramatically alter the balance of power, which in turn calls for a re-evaluation of the Soviet challenge. Yet at a time when the struggle for control of the world is entering a new and decisive phase, the attainment of an armistice in Korea by the United Nations Organization and the on and off peace offensives of the Kremlin have blinded many Americans to military realities and prevented a true comprehension of the magnitude of the present danger. Accordingly, in 1954 the United States is faced with a threat to her existence unparalleled in her history, and it remains to be seen whether the forces which in their totality we call Western Christian civilization have the vitality to maintain themselves against an ideology which threatens their extinction. Let us attempt to fit the present Russian challenge into the general pattern of history and to analyze the strength and significance of the threat.

The twentieth century brand of Russian imperialism differs not a great deal from the threats posed by conquering waves of Asiatics in the past. It is a matter of record that Western European civilization, since the final triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire during the fourth century A.D., has faced, not one, but many such challenges. In the eighth century the Arab Mohammedan wave, which had gotten under way in the seventh century, threatened to overwhelm Western Europe, and that threat slowly receded only after decisive setbacks administered to the Arabs by Byzantine Emperor Leo III and Frankish King Charles Martel. In the thirteenth century the Golden Horde led by Ghengis Khan probably killed 5,000,000 people during its advance from Asia which threatened to overrun Western Europe. Although Europeans eventually pushed the Asiatics back, it should be noted that it took several centuries for the Russians to free themselves from the Tartar stranglehold and that the successors of Ghengis Khan had much to do with giving the Russian personality its Asiatic stamp.

In the sixteenth century, with Europe at the climax of one of the most creative periods in world history, the Ottoman Turks, under the leadership of Suleiman the Magnificent, pushed into Europe and were stopped at the gates of Vienna only after a fearful struggle. The vitality of that great surge is measured by the fact that the Ottoman Empire did not suffer complete disintegration until the end of World War I. Thus, at regular intervals Asiatic invaders have tried to overrun Western Europe, and each time the challenge has been accepted and met by Europeans in their day. But the fact remains that the checking, containing, and hurling back of the Asiatic tides were problems which required the sacrifices of many generations of men over a period of several centuries. One cannot escape the logical conclusion that the contemporary Russian threat may continue for a generation, or even a century, and long range plans must give serious consideration to such a possibility.

Russian imperialism in itself is not new. In fact, the Russians, flaunting a thin veneer of Marxism, basically are following the pattern of war and conquest set by Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, and other rulers of Russia during the Czarist era. But while the Russian people and many of the basic objectives of

Russian foreign policy have changed little during the past 300 years, the power balance in the rest of the world has changed greatly. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the national state system of political organization had taken form, and by 1648 the state system in existence today was well defined. Because a number of independent states such as France, England, Russia, Spain, Austria, and Prussia developed institutions which they were willing to protect against outside interference, by force of arms if necessary, it became axiomatic that the interest of each demanded that no one state should become so powerful as to have the strength to dominate completely any one of the others. Thus, a precarious balance of power came into existence which made it impossible for conquerors, or would-be conquerors, of the mold of Louis XIV, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon I, to make large areas inhabited by alien populations permanently subservient to them. If one power seemed to threaten the independence of another a coalition was formed to put the overly-ambitious country into its proper place. This uneasy balance among the various national states made world domination by a single power or creed virtually impossible until the end of World War II.

Almost six years of modern warfare, however, left only the United States and Russia as major world powers. The material and human losses of two world wars placed England, France, and Italy in the category of second-rate powers and, temporarily at least, completely destroyed the military potential of Germany and Japan. Thus, the shifting combinations which had kept national and dynastic ambitions in check for centuries were destroyed and out of the debris of World War II emerged two super states. Into the vacuum in Asia, formed when anti-Communist Japan was defeated, Russia moved, and China fell under Red rule. Into the vacuum created in Central Europe by the defeat of anti-Communist Germany, the Russians moved quickly, and Eastern Europe easily fell under the Russian heel. This expansion of the Russian power sphere, disastrous from the point of view of the United States, was followed by American disarmament. Subsequently, Communist aggression in Korea became an attempt to exploit the military unpreparedness of the United States in the interest of the Russian power sphere.

In a world dominated by two powers the temptation to try for

world domination is great. Russia, utilizing one of the most effective propaganda instruments in history, Marxian socialism, apparently hopes to create a world socialist state completely subservient to Russian interests. In a two power world a victory by Russia over the United States could mean centuries of Russian domination and the destruction of the creative forces which have made the America of 1954 one of the greatest nations in history. Nineteenth and twentieth century science has produced the instruments through which the winner of an all-out conflict between the two power blocks could enslave the loser. Thus, Russian victory would result in the creation of a socialist state in which the world's resources would be siphoned into the maw of the new "superior" race. And once the industrial potential of the defeated was destroyed there would be little hope of a comeback until internal decay brought a palace revolution or a civil war of sufficient magnitude to shake the victor's grasp. Modern technology has provided the weapons which place the domination of the earth by one power within the realm of possibility, and it is only the military strength of the United States, actual or potential, which prevents immediate conquest by Russia of those areas of the world now outside the Russian orbit. Thus, the fate of the world in our time hinges on our ability to weld together a coalition capable of convincing the Russians that a wild Slavic bid for world hegemony might well result in the complete defeat of Russia.

From the end of World War II until the Russians exploded an atomic bomb in 1949 the balance of military power was determined by two factors. The first was the American monopoly of atomic weapons. The second was an all-powerful Russian ground army capable of dominating the land mass of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Until the Russians exploded their first atomic bomb these two monopolies tended to cancel one another out, and the resulting equilibrium served to keep an uneasy peace. With Russia's development of an atomic bomb, however, the balance of power again was upset, and Russia within a year sponsored the North Korean attack upon South Korea. Only with the stalemate in Korea and the development of the hydrogen bomb was

the United States able to regain the advantage the atom bomb had formerly given. Now, despite the claims by Russia that she too has a hydrogen bomb, informed opinion insists that the United States still has a tremendous lead in the atomic and hydrogen bomb production race, and the atomic blow which the United States is now capable of delivering against Russia far exceeds that which Russia is capable of delivering against the United States. American strength, actual or potential, in atomic and hydrogen bombs, gives the United States a preponderance of military power which prevents the immediate outbreak of World War III. Russia, almost certainly, has neither the stockpile of nuclear weapons nor the capacity to produce and deliver the death-dealing missiles on a scale comparable to our potential. It is an advantage that the free world must keep so long as preponderance in this weapon has real meaning.

Despite the present superiority of our stockpile and production of nuclear weapons, there is no time to lose. Although it stands to reason that the United States will be able to out-produce the Russians, it must be realized that within the foreseeable future an absolute superiority in the number of atomic bombs possessed by this nation will cease to have meaning. It is obvious that there is a definite limit to the number of atomic bombs, or hydrogen bombs, necessary to destroy completely the industrial vitals of a nation, and once Russia accumulates a number sufficient to deliver a knockout blow against the United States this country's superiority in numbers will have become completely meaningless. Obviously, our present superiority in the atomic field, while preventing the outbreak of World War III at the moment, can act as a deterrent to Russia only for a limited time, and the foreign policy of the United States must be based on that assumption. With the time at her disposal the United States must build her land, air, and sea forces to such strength that Russian preponderance in certain of these areas will be erased or at least neutralized. Once Russia has achieved substantial equality in the atomic field it seems to be within the realm of possibility that nuclear weapons, like poison gas and germ warfare, will be outlawed by mutual consent and war, if and when it comes, will be fought with the most modern "conventional" weapons. In any case, military power, in the final analysis, rests upon territory,

raw materials, industry, and population, and the state or coalition of states possessing the broader base will be the ultimate victor in any future war. The Russian strategy in 1954 is to broaden her base while avoiding a war which might, if undertaken prematurely, result in the destruction of the Communist regime. The Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the European Defense Community, the Mutual Security Administration, and various other schemes sponsored by the Western powers have as their purpose the containing and eventually the contracting of the Russian base while expanding the human and material resources at the disposal of the free world.

In the struggle for the earth's resources Western Europe is the key. In order for the West to prevail, the population, natural resources, and industrial know-how of Western Europe must be saved for the free world. 200,000,000 Western Europeans, a high proportion of which possess the skills needed for the conduct of modern war, match, man for man, 200,000,000 Russians. Western Europe poured over 50,000,000 tons of steel in 1953 while Russia produced 35,000,000 tons. Western Europe mined 530,000,000 tons of coal as compared with a Soviet production total of 300,000,000 tons during the same period. The population of Russia exceeds that of the United States; and since Russia's yearly steel production is one-third our total and Russia's coal production is three-fifths the tonnage mined in the United States, it becomes tragically clear that Russian control of Western Europe would alter the balance in human and material resources and place the Russians in position to out-produce and ultimately out-gun the United States. In a speech to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Council of Ministers in December, Secretary of State Dulles stated that French failure to ratify EDC would result in the United States making "an agonizing reappraisal of its own basic policy," and he added that "if the Western European countries decide to commit suicide they will have to do it alone." Surely, Mr. Dulles realizes that Western Europe cannot commit suicide "alone." Western Europe and the United States, like Siamese twins, will live and die as one, and if Russia adds the resources of this area to what she possesses already, the United States will be reduced to garrison status and the prospect of a lingering death.

Indeed, if Western Europe falls, it seems unlikely that Russia and her satellites can be prevented from invading Africa and the Near East and ultimately controlling, with Chinese cooperation, Asia as well. If such a catastrophe occurs, the Russians and their allies will control seven-eighths of the world's population and the bulk of the world's resources. The iron and coal of Western Europe, the oil of the Near East, and the uranium of the Belgian Congo, to mention only a few essential resources, will be lost. Since it is the sum total of the industrial production of contending forces which determines the ultimate victor in modern war, Communist control of Europe, Asia, and Africa will mean catastrophe for the United States. Although it is glibly stated that the Russians do not have it in them to organize and exploit such a vast area, the thinking American must recognize that such a course of events, if not probable, is possible, and that the United States, with not only her independence but Western Christian civilization at stake, cannot afford to take the remotest chance. North and South America, with a population total of 250,000,000 and without certain essential natural resources, would be faced by a Russian-sponsored coalition with a population total of almost two billions and the bulk of the world's material resources. Such a state of affairs would give the Soviets the reservoir of manpower and materials which would make Russian victory virtually certain in a war of attrition with the United States. Conversely, if the free world saves Western Europe, existing U.S. bases in Africa, the Near East, and Asia are not likely to be challenged and eventually they may be used to strangle the Communist octopus.

Thus, the fundamental question is: how can the United States, in the specific application of practical policy, provide the leadership which is absolutely essential for the preservation of the Western heritage? Although day by day decisions must, to a degree, be determined by the unfolding pattern of history itself, and even the general principles must be defined and redefined at regular intervals, there are certain areas upon which attention should be focused immediately.

First of all, the United States, without further equivocation, must unreservedly shoulder the responsibilities which world leadership demands and chart a course which will convince

Europeans and Asiatics that she is on the world stage to stay. Millions of people in Europe and Asia, confused by the debates in Congress and ambiguous pronouncements by spokesmen for the administration, are fearful that the United States is about to draw back into her shell and leave them to their fate. Nothing could be more damaging to American prestige and more dangerous to our chances of blocking the Russian drive westward. True, the responsibility for charting the course fell into America's lap before she had accumulated the experience—the political maturity—to cope adequately with the complex problems which face the world. But World War II changed the power pattern, and England, France, Italy, Western Germany, and Japan, not to mention dozens of the world's smaller countries, are waiting expectantly for a more complete formulation of American policy and further explanation of the methods through which this policy is to be implemented.

Secondly, American military strategy must be carefully formulated and continuously reviewed. On January 13 Secretary of State Dulles announced that the United States will strike back instantly with weapons of our own choice against future Communist aggression anywhere in the world. This announcement was supported by President Eisenhower's recommended defense budget which calls for an increase in air strength and a reduction in emphasis and expenditure on the traditional land and sea arms. Thus, the threat of massive retaliation, made possible by air power and nuclear weapons, is to be utilized in an attempt to neutralize the challenge posed by the overwhelming land armies under Communist control. We can foresee the possibility that nuclear weapons will be used against Red China and Russia, but it is apparent that an atomic attack against China, or Russia, will bring Russia's nuclear power into the fray, directly or indirectly, and the truly significant aspect of the new policy concerns our capacity to strike at the heart of world communism, Russia itself. At first sight, overwhelming retaliatory power as a defense concept has a certain amount of appeal, but a more complete analysis of the ultimate consequences of this strategy indicates that it is not completely in accord with military realities.

The concept of massive retaliation implies that the United States has the power to penetrate Russian defenses and deliver

atomic and hydrogen bombs in such quantities as to destroy substantially the Soviet war making capacity. Furthermore it assumes that our planes, or guided missiles, will successfully locate, and find exposed and accessible, the most important Soviet industrial installations. In neither of these assumptions are we completely safe. The B-52 strato jet, which is designed to deliver the hydrogen bomb, will not be available until 1956, and the slow, propeller driven B-36, the only existing American plane capable of carrying the hydrogen bomb as it is now packaged, is practically obsolete. In May the B-36 will drop a hydrogen bomb in order to determine if the plane has the speed and toughness essential for an escape from the explosive force of a bomb which it has dropped. Even if these experiments are successful, it is rather obvious that the slowness of the B-36 nullifies any chance it might have of unloading a hydrogen bomb on a Russian target against serious defensive efforts by Russian jet fighters and other new anti-aircraft weapons.

Since we do not now have available a long range plane capable of penetrating Russian defenses, trans-polar bombing operations are not practical, and the present strategy is to build bases close to Russia from which the smaller B-47 jet bomber, a fine plane with a bombing range of some 1500 miles, can operate. We have over 1000 B-47's and, although they cannot transport the hydrogen bomb, they are ideally equipped to deliver the smaller atom bomb. Thus, scores of air bases have been constructed in Western Europe, North Africa, and the Near East, from which it is possible for our B-47 fleet to strike the Soviet heartland with tremendous force.

But American knowledge of industrial Russia is by no means complete, and it is reasonably certain that a substantial number of Soviet installations are unknown to us. Also the Russians have, since World War II, emphasized dispersal of essential industries, and it is thought that, in some areas, underground production units are in operation. It must be concluded, then, that a segment, perhaps a substantial one, of the Russian war potential cannot be reached by our atomic bombs and guided missiles. Since the Russians undoubtedly will be able to retaliate, there is an excellent chance that our exposed and concentrated industrial centers will offer a better target for nuclear weapons than their Soviet counterparts.

Other serious problems are raised by recent American foreign policy pronouncements which indicate, or at least imply, that the United States, in order to offset Communist land strength, will no longer hesitate to be the first to utilize atomic weapons. Not only does this strategy raise grave moral questions, but there are immediate practical considerations which must be taken into account. Russia, lagging behind in atom and hydrogen bomb production, hesitates to move westward so long as the United States has a significant preponderance of power in the nuclear field. But once atomic weapons are used by the United States, this restraining influence will be gone and our inadequate NATO forces will be overrun by the powerful Red ground army. The Russians will be free to fan out over Western Europe and the Near East, on foot, if necessary, in order to avoid our artillery, guided missiles, and fighter planes, all of which are capable of utilizing nuclear weapons. The Korean conflict has proved that foot soldiers, properly camouflaged and dispersed, can operate effectively without the protection of air power, and since Russian soldiers walked much of the way from Moscow to Berlin during the last stages of World War II it seems logical to assume that they can push to the Atlantic Ocean in the same fashion. Indeed, with overwhelming numbers on their side, with tanks and armor in adequate quality and quantity, with a preponderance of power in the air, and with a navy second only to ours and built to flank Western European defenses, it may not be necessary for them to walk. Russian control of Western Europe and the Near East would rob us of the bases which now make possible effective bombing operations against Russia with the jet B-47, and would bring Russian long range bomber bases much closer to the United States.

Thus, when all relevant factors are taken into consideration, it is apparent that at this time it is unlikely that the United States has the ability to destroy completely Russia's industrial heart, and that a premature attempt to do so might set off a chain reaction of events not to our liking. On the other hand, American quantitative leadership in the atomic race at this moment is tremendously significant, because the damage we are capable of inflicting is incalculable and the Soviets do not have the ability to retaliate in

comparable fashion. This is the restraining influence which prevents the Russians from striking for the English Channel immediately. But as soon as Russia's stockpile of atomic and hydrogen bombs reaches the point at which the Soviet is confident that she can destroy the American war-making potential, mere leadership by America in quantity of bombs will have no meaning, because it is not going to require an infinite number of bombs or missiles to destroy every accessible industrial target. At this point, a new equilibrium will have developed, and the threat of massive retaliation will no longer deter those willing to gamble. Our leadership in the nuclear field gives us a short period of grace in which to develop further the shifting elements of the modern power formula, and it seems to me that the use of atomic weapons to try to halt anything less than a major Communist thrust is not, at this time, in the national interest. For example, if in a new conflict the atomic bomb is used first against China there is a chance that Communist propaganda can effectively use such a development to turn wavering Asiatic neutrals against us. If we use nuclear weapons against Russia we invite not only immediate atomic retaliation, but an immediate drive by the Red army to corral the industrial strength of Western Europe for the Soviet Union. Not only is our defense line on the Rhine exceedingly thin but it would be difficult for us to exploit fully our one chief advantage—atomic weapons—in an area inhabited not by Russians but by our friends.

Thirdly, Russian possession of the hydrogen bomb and the challenge posed by the Soviet land strength make it absolutely necessary that Western Germany and Japan be rearmed. For over a thousand years—from 814 to 1870—the European center, composed mostly of squabbling Germans, was weak, and strong peoples on the periphery invaded and grabbed to their hearts' content. But Bismarck welded the bickering German states into a unified whole, and between 1870 and 1945 a strong European center, Germany, exploded twice and the weakened states on her periphery were forced to call in the new world to redress the balance in the old. Germany was stopped twice, but the two wars left the old world a mere shell of its former self. With Europe in convulsions, Russia moved westward to fill the vacuum and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was forged by the West in

an attempt to contain the Communist surge. But, despite remarkable accomplishments, NATO chief General Lawton Collins was forced to confess in January that, although NATO is geared to raise 80 divisions in a period of about thirty days, the number of units available for immediate battle is "from 16 to 18 divisions." Last summer, at Bonn, I was told that 15 Allied divisions were ready for instantaneous action, and in September General Gruenther announced that "from 20 to 25 Allied divisions were in battle readiness. Whatever the exact number, there are not enough. NATO forces face 22 crack Russian divisions stationed in Eastern Germany, but despite this seeming equality of strength at the point of contact, the unpleasant fact remains that in a showdown battle for Western Europe, the Russians hold the preponderance of power because they have available 150 additional divisions which can be thrown into the fray on short notice. Russian tanks and armor are equal, if not superior, to American, and the Soviets are thought to have 4000 jet planes to hurl against a substantially smaller number at the disposal of NATO. Although the Yugoslavian, Greek, and Turkish armies will, in all probability, immediately join NATO forces in the event of Russian aggression, this aid to the West will be partially offset by the 70 divisions which Russia's Eastern satellites are capable of providing for their sponsor. Thus, in the spring of 1954, no competent military observer doubts that a determined effort by the Russians would carry their forces to the Atlantic Ocean in a matter of weeks. They are held back by their timidity and the realization that such an advance would mean an atomic war for which they are not yet ready.

It is thus apparent that allied strength in Western Europe must be increased while American leadership in the production of atomic weapons still deters the Russians. Since our army already is small and the budget for 1954-55 calls for a reduction of ground forces, it is obvious that other sources of manpower must be tapped. It is the German and Japanese will to win, which almost carried these nations to victory in World War II, that must be channeled into the struggle against Soviet expansion. The Western Germans and the English, alone of the Western European peoples, are exhibiting the energy, the decisiveness, and the will essential to the building of an iron wall capable of stop-

ping a possible Russian surge toward the English Channel. The German hatred of the Russians furnishes a hard core around which a real European army can be built, and rearmament of Western Germany along EDC lines is inevitable. In the Far East it is only the resurrection of Japan as a military power which offers any real hope for the creation, in the immediate future, of an anti-Communist force of significant strength.

Finally, there are other programs, projects, and policies which, if pushed, could contribute to the final downfall of communism. In Western Europe we must continue to stiffen the backbones of the French and Italians with military and economic support. If the vitality of these peoples has declined from what we know it once was, and if their leaders are unable to gain support for policies absolutely necessary for the preservation of the independence of their countries, it becomes the duty of the United States, in the role of enlightened self-interest, to give help to these faltering governments which, indeed, sometimes seem incapable of governing. In Soviet Europe, the uprisings in Eastern Germany and rumblings in other satellite states are following a pattern which is likely to continue and to constitute a soft spot in the vulnerable Communist underbelly. Once the West has created a position of real strength in Europe, demands can be made for free elections in the only satellite state with a democratic tradition, Czechoslovakia, and through negotiation Russian interference in the affairs of the remaining Eastern European states eventually may be ended. The China "problem" is exceedingly complex, but it seems inevitable that latent hostility between the two Communist *colossi* can be fanned to flames. Perhaps a modest beginning can be made in this direction if Henry Cabot Lodge will continuously demand, from his United Nations forum, that Russia do the right thing and return the Maritime Provinces, upon which Vladivostock is built, and Outer Mongolia to their rightful owner, China. To silence Red Chinese and Russian agitations for the return of Formosa to the Reds, he might suggest that Russia cease her imperialistic exploitation of Manchuria and Sinkiang and that she pull out of these Chinese areas completely.

These recommendations in their totality mean strength. Again, it must be stated that the only chance for peace in a world

where only two major powers remain and in which one of those powers has repeatedly declared that world domination by her system is a long run objective, is a preponderance of power in the hands of the United States and her Allies. It is only the possibility of defeat which stops Russia from trying for world domination now. The greater the certainty of Russian defeat in any potential struggle the greater the chance for peace. In a two power world we will have only one chance—we can guess but once. Defeat will mean generations, or even centuries, of subserviency for Americans.

What of the future once a real equilibrium has been established between the two super powers? Is there a substantial basis for the hope for peaceful settlement of the differences between the East and the West? Can a gradual diminution of Russian strength during the life span of the present generation be expected?

The tendency before World War II was to underestimate Russian strength; in 1954 some insist that we tend to overestimate the Communist potential. Russia's performance during World War II, however, must by all reckoning establish her as one of the two great military powers of this generation. The phenomenal expansion of communism can only be compared to the Alexandrian conquest of Asia in the fourth century, B.C., the Roman conquest of the Mediterranean and most of the civilized world in the second and first centuries, B.C., and the Arab (Mohammedan) surge of the seventh century, A.D. Success on such a scale indicates that the United States dares not underestimate the enemy.

Despite the magnitude of the Russian surge there are encouraging factors in the situation, and one of these grows out of the Marxist interpretation of history. Marxists confidently await the disintegration of capitalist forces and the achievement of the Communist millenium, a development which they consider absolutely inevitable regardless of present or future crises. Thus, since the United States must inevitably collapse, war or no war, it stands to reason that Russia, particularly so long as victory in warfare is no certainty, may choose to play a waiting game.

It should be noted, however, that many competent observers in the United States are confident that the passage of time will

bring the destruction of the Russian dictatorship and that inevitably the new Russian imperialism is fated, like such systems in the past, for ultimate collapse. With leaders in both camps having reason to believe that time is on their side, it is possible that neither will strive for a final showdown. Logically, it seems that neither of the two great powers can afford to attack the other while either has an atomic and hydrogen bomb fleet in existence. However, major powers do not always perform in a rational manner, and the ideological framework in which the Russian state operates may be in our favor. The Marxian interpretation of history does seem to follow a strictly logical process, but this logical process operates within an irrational framework which must eventually contribute to the system's destruction. Of course Communists have no monopoly on irrational thinking and illogical conduct, but they do seem to have a real turn for it and there lies our greatest hope. An irrational system imposed by every force at the command of a modern police state inevitably leads to the destruction of the creative forces which have meant strength in the past. The very efficiency of the dictatorship accelerates the rise and decline cycle, and Communist decay may come much earlier than anyone at the moment dreams.

Another encouraging prospect develops from the basic nature of the dictatorships which exist in Russia and other Communist states. Russian leaders in 1954 profess to believe that Russia is in the "dictatorship of the proletariat" stage of the Marxian evolution and that eventually, once socialism has conquered its enemies and human nature itself has changed, the state will wither away and the ultimate in human development will be achieved. That is the theory. The fact remains that in Russia the high sounding "dictatorship of the proletariat" stage, during which capitalism was to have been liquidated and an atmosphere created for the maturing of socialism, quickly degenerated into a mad struggle for power which has continued to this day. Purge after purge has been rationalized by the leaders, and the dictatorship, with all the instruments of modern technology at its disposal, is enforcing a conformity which is without parallel in human history. The Fascist dictatorships in Italy and Germany before World War II were amateurish in comparison, and authoritarian

regimes of an earlier day did not have instruments at their command which are essential for the establishment of complete control over every facet of human behavior. The Communists profited by Czarist experience and added their own refinements, and in 1954 the Russian state is intervening in the political, economic, and social life of its citizens to a degree not hitherto attained by any other government.

It is this very completeness of thought control which gives hope to the Western mentality. Censorship represses the creative surges of the human mind to which Western Civilization owes so much of its strength. The strongly individualistic personalities of the Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky stamp were hammered out in the contest for survival in Czarist Russia, and it should be noted that many of the Old Bolsheviks spent long years in exile in a milieu of relative freedom which provided ample opportunity for study and evaluation of Western institutions. On the other hand, Georgi Malenkov and many of his colleagues have never breathed the fresh air of the West. Reared and trained in the stale totalitarian atmosphere created by the same old rigid pattern, the second generation Communist is much less likely to possess the flexibility which survival in a two power world demands. This new generation, geared to a system which dogmatically insists that human development follows one narrow pattern, has an excellent chance of wrecking itself on the shoals created by changing world conditions. The passage of time inexorably will bring political, economic, and social changes which are going to make the Marxian interpretation of history more and more unrealistic as a final explanation of historical process. If the Western world has the vitality to weather the present storm the victory will be hers.

It seems likely, therefore, that the Communist dictatorship, if given time, will collapse. The free world, however, is in danger of being overrun before the totalitarian cycle has run its course, and thus it becomes absolutely necessary for the West, while real atomic superiority lies with the United States, to build a military machine which the Communist world will be afraid to challenge. It is then, and only then, that it will be safe to wait for the disease to run its course.

In its broadest terms, the struggle to prevent Russian control of the world is an attempt to save the Western birthright. Russian imperialism is threatening the foundations of Western Christian civilization with an oriental despotism which has not the slightest regard for the concept of rule by law, a concept which won its place in the West through sacrifices, extending over many centuries, of tens of millions of men. That amalgam described as Western Christian civilization is, in the last analysis, based upon the concept of the uniqueness, dignity, and worth of the individual. The free and creative Greek intellect, untrammelled by the shackles of superstition and authority, was one of the earliest contributors to this ideal. Objective Roman law, the moral and ethical concepts of the Judeo-Christian heritage, and English common law played their part and contributed much toward making the individual the primary concern in Western institutional development. With this heritage upon which to build, increasingly successful attempts to make liberty the basis of human evolution emerged. The British revolutions of the seventeenth century and the American and French revolutions of the eighteenth established principles and created machinery which extended to increasing numbers of people that freedom which makes possible differentiation and the full development of the innate capacities of the individual. Russia and her Communist allies and satellites seek to destroy this heritage and replace it with a system of values which is the negation of all that has meant progress in the past. In the Western world arbitrary rule by men was replaced with rule by law only after a long and bitter struggle, and the liberties enjoyed by Americans in 1954 have been preserved because stubborn men, in generations past, have had the fortitude to preserve the Western heritage, against all threats, in their time. The West must marshal its strength to meet the new challenge or supinely surrender to a relentless foe.

Two poems

LORI PETRI

A BARN

A barn must not be taut and tidy
But have the well-worn, weary look
Of a creature working Friday to Friday.
Ridgepole should bend where sparrow and rook
Gossiping, squabbling, strut or station,
Sides all bulge from the tons of feed
Forked out to give fat herds their ration,
Roof be sagged by the footloose breed
Of imps and fairies born of weather,
And the whole have a mellow, loamy hue
As if it evolved with earth together,
But be encircled by such a strew
Of tools for hoeing, pruning, raking,
Children and chickens, kettles and pans,
Barrels and tractors, you know its making,
Spirit and usage, could only be man's.

AN ORCHARD

An orchard should be on a slope
Where sun, denied meridial scope,
Will not drench apple, peach or pear
But travel a long golden stair,
Caressing the cheek of each small fruit,
Fingering leaves, reaching for root,
And slanting east or dipping west,
Form ovals for an angel's rest
And shadowy snares with lengthened proof
Of sly, horned head and cloven hoof.

Is debt necessary?

JAMES E. DUGAN

Today many Americans are uneasy about debts, their own and their governments'. The highest incomes in history have not enabled the citizen or his public treasuries to pay all bills or to balance budgets. The opportunities and pressures to spend money have multiplied as fast, or faster, than incomes from earnings and taxes. We want new cars, TV sets, larger houses. Each new baby requires more diapers, more new nursery equipment, more toys, and sometimes a new room. State and federal governments cost more as they try to offer many new services to the voters. The list is endless. The consumer feels not only the pressure of his own needs, but also sales pressure from producers anxious to create new wants in him. The buyer does not need cash; banks and loan companies thrive in the absence of it. Installment buying greases the wheels of the economy.

It is not only families and governments which go into debt, but also business firms. And, like consumers, they have gone into debt during a period of great prosperity and large profits. Between 1945 and 1953, total net private debt has more than doubled from 140 billion dollars to 302 billion dollars. The increases for various groups are as follows:

Public debts	1945	1952
Federal government	\$253,000,000,000	\$224,000,000,000
State and local government	14,000,000,000	26,000,000,000
TOTAL net public debt	\$267,000,000,000	\$250,000,000,000
Private debts		
Corporate business	85,000,000,000	167,000,000,000
Farm	7,000,000,000	15,000,000,000
Other individual debtors	48,000,000,000	120,000,000,000
TOTAL net private debt	\$140,000,000,000	\$302,000,000,000

Such large increases in all debts except those of the Federal government in a time of prosperity raise significant questions for economists and perhaps for all citizens. Is there, for example, any connection between the increase in our indebtedness and our prosperity? Do we need the stimulus of continuous deficit spending on all levels to keep our highly-g geared industrial machine operating at full capacity? Or should we, as some people argue, stop this folly of going deeper and deeper into debt? Should we, as they say, insist upon balancing all budgets, start paying cash for what we buy, if we are to avoid an inevitable reckoning which, if long deferred, may be more than we can stand? The answers to the latter questions, it seems to me, must be in the negative. In fact, the conservative attitude toward fiscal policies implicit in those questions is even dangerous, since it could, if rigorously pursued, liquidate our prosperity as well as our indebtedness. How would this happen?

In an expanding economy more money is needed every year to finance the production and consumption of an increasing volume of goods and services. Where does this increased money supply come from? In the American or any modern economy, this necessary supply of money depends largely upon the willingness of consumers, business firms and governments to go into debt. If these three groups should start operating on a cash basis, if they should determine to live within their budgets, their decisions would have serious implications for the economy. Thereafter there would be little, if any, increase in the money supply and the economy could no longer expand. For the supply of money, although not the *sole* determinant of prosperity, is certainly one of the most influential factors.

In 1953 the children of the depression years have little or no difficulty in selling their services in the labor market. How will children born in the prosperous 1950's fare when they look for jobs in the 1970's? Their economic opportunities will depend upon many variables, of course, but one of these will be the management of our money supply and the willingness of all classes of people and businesses to buy the products the economy produces.

Between 1929 and 1952 our total output of goods and services doubled; our money supply in units of real purchasing power tripled; and our population increased twenty-eight per cent. Between 1952 and 1975 our total output of goods and services should double again. If that happens, and even conservative estimates hold that it will, we shall need to double or triple the amount of money in the economy in order to provide the means of exchanging these goods and services. Also there will be more people, more job hunters—probably thirty per cent more than in 1952—because there will almost certainly be more babies born in the 1950's than in the 1930's. Consequently, even if total national income doubles, all these new workers will not have jobs paying twice as much as they did in 1952. Therefore, the money supply must be increased from other sources. What does doubling the money supply involve? In order to answer this question we must understand the nature of money and especially how more of it is fed into the economy.

A look at our money supply will reveal that it consists principally of debts, or promises to pay. At the end of June, 1953, there were in the United States 129 billions of spendable dollars:

Coins and paper currency held by private individuals and businesses	\$ 27,000,000,000
Checking accounts owned by private individuals and businesses	97,000,000,000
TOTAL PRIVATE MONEY SUPPLY	\$124,000,000,000
Coins, paper currency and bank deposits owned by U. S. Government	5,000,000,000
TOTAL MONEY SUPPLY	\$129,000,000,000

These figures show clearly that checking accounts are the most important type of money. (Savings deposits and marketable securities are not ordinarily used as a means of payment in business transactions and therefore are not included in the money supply.) Checking accounts, more properly called "demand deposits," are debts of banks to their depositors. When you deposit currency and checks at your bank, you in effect are making a loan to the bank, a loan which it must repay when you demand it by

writing another check. Normally, however, banks do not back these loans one-hundred per cent in cash, because you seldom demand cash. Instead, you write a check against your deposit and when the endorser of that check presents it for payment, your bank's promise to pay you is transferred to the bank cashing the check. No currency moves, just the promises to pay, and in so doing these promises become in effect money.

But such transactions change only the form of the money, not the amount of it in the economy. If shoppers or retailers require more currency, they withdraw the cash from their bank accounts or they cash checks received from other people. In either case their actions decrease total deposits by the same amount that they increase holdings of currency outside of banks. The total money supply remains the same.

Furthermore, only a small fraction of the total volume of deposits come from the deposit of currency. The bulk of demand deposits are created by banks when they make loans to businesses, individuals and governments. If you decide to spend more than your income and if you can satisfy a banker that you are a good credit risk, you give your banker a promise to repay the sum borrowed, and he "credits" your checking account with the amount of the loan. This loan transaction creates a new deposit. It does not diminish the amount of currency, nor does it diminish someone else's deposit. The bank "monetizes" your credit potential by exchanging its promise to pay for yours. This is possible because the bank's promise to pay is generally acceptable as spendable dollars, whereas the borrower's promise to pay is not.

Let's assume the borrower is a television manufacturer. Because he is able to borrow and because the bank is able to create money to lend to him, he can pay for his inventory of tubes and parts and can hire labor. The money which is created by his bank loan becomes the cash income of his employees and suppliers. They in turn buy more TV sets, which enables the manufacturer to repay the bank, which can then create more money with another loan. But remember that the cycle is initiated and perpetuated by the willingness of someone to borrow or to go into debt. Debt thus becomes a very necessary part of our growing economy if it is to continue dynamic.

But, you may say, surely banks cannot create money without limit? Of course not. Limits are imposed by prudent banking management and by legal regulations, of which the most important are those of the Federal Reserve System. All banks must own cash reserves, either in their own vaults or on deposit with other banks, amounting to a specified per cent of the net demand deposits owed to their customers. The actual per cent requirement varies with the location of the bank and whether or not it is a member of the Federal Reserve System. A Denver bank, for example, which is a member of the Federal Reserve System, must have on deposit with the Federal Reserve Branch Bank in Denver \$19 for every \$100 of net demand deposits on its books. This ratio sets the limit on the money-creating power of that commercial bank. For every \$1.00 of reserves on deposit with the Federal Reserve Bank, it is possible for that Denver bank to have \$5.26 of customer deposits (since \$1.00 is 19 per cent of \$5.26). The deposit of the \$1.00 in reserve, however, accounts for only \$1.00 of the \$5.26; the other \$4.26 will be created through loan operations.

Unless the reserves of banks are steadily increased or the legal reserve requirements are continually reduced, a bank may find eventually that it has no unused lending power. This is particularly apt to happen during a period of prosperous economic growth. If business prospects are good, a Denver banker will find an active demand for loans among cattle feeders, automobile distributors and other kinds of business. Some morning he may find that his demand deposits are as great as his existing reserves will allow, that he has loaned \$4.26 for every \$1.00 in reserve.

At this point, is his power to create money ended? What can he do? Well, he can sell some of his government securities. Every bank puts some of its funds into government securities, because they involve little risk and are easily marketable. When he sells these securities and receives a check, he will get his additional reserves from the bank on which the check was drawn. The banker will then be able to expand his loans, but the bank which lost reserves in the transaction will not be able to expand. It is clear that sooner or later the banking system will feel the pinch of limited reserves unless additional reserves are made available from outside the ordinary commercial banking system. Such

action is absolutely essential to the whole process of economic growth and expansion.

There are two major sources for additional bank reserves: one is to increase gold stocks, the other to create more credit by action of the Federal Reserve System. The first is achieved by increasing the price of gold to encourage production. The gold producer sells the gold to the United States Government, which in turn buries the actual gold in the vaults of Fort Knox and then deposits equivalent gold certificates with the Federal Reserve Banks. The seller of the gold receives a government check, which he deposits with his bank. This check, which represents an equal amount of gold, becomes additional reserves to the commercial bank when it deposits the check with its Federal Reserve Bank and receives a promise to pay. This promise then provides the basis for making additional bank loans.

If Russia's gold production is excluded as an unknown quantity, the present rate of gold production in the rest of the world is high but not enough to double the monetary gold reserves in the next twenty years. Therefore, we cannot depend upon this method to provide the basis for doubling or tripling the loans and deposits of commercial banks in this country. Let us consider then the other source of additional bank reserves.

As we have seen, most bank reserves consist of deposits at Federal Reserve Banks and can be created and destroyed by lending operations comparable to those described for commercial banks. The only difference is that the Federal Reserve Banks make their loans to other banks. For instance, a Denver bank which needs more reserves to satisfy the demands of its customers for loans applies to its Federal Reserve Branch Bank in Denver for a loan of additional reserves or it offers some of its government securities for sale to the Federal Reserve Bank. Either way, the transaction creates additional reserves. In the first case the Federal Reserve Bank takes the promise to pay of the Denver bank and in return credits the reserve account (or deposit) of the Denver bank. In this manner additional reserves are created just as deposits are created when loans are extended to borrowers at commercial banks. In the second case, the Federal Reserve

Bank pays for the government securities which it buys from the Denver bank by crediting the reserve account of the Denver bank. The Denver bank thereby receives additional reserves without any other bank or individual giving up any monetary holdings. Obviously when a Federal Reserve Bank creates deposits in either way, it lays the basis for much greater loan activity by commercial banks.

Moreover, the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, its principal governing authority, can accomplish the same results without actually increasing the dollar amount of bank reserves. It can lower the legal reserve requirements of its member banks. Under existing law the requirement that a Denver bank must have \$19.00 of reserves for every \$100.00 of net demand deposits can be changed and the ratio reduced to \$10 for every \$100. Such action by Federal Reserve authorities would allow an expansion of loans and deposits to approximately double the present size.

Federal Reserve Banks, however, do not lend to individual banks or purchase government securities merely to serve the convenience of the banks which need additional reserves. Their actions are based upon the needs of the entire economy year by year. They must strike a balance between providing so much expansion in the money supply that inflation of prices results and using a policy that restricts the normal and desirable growth of the economy. Since the American free enterprise economy is an expanding one, it may be destroyed if it does not continue to expand. Its defenders must not, therefore, let concern with certain static concepts blind them to those actions which are necessary to preserve the vitality of the economy. For example, the young housewife dreaming of new household appliances which she cannot afford, the businessman with plans for a highly-mechanized factory, and the labor union leader with his visions of an even-shorter work week with more take-home pay—these represent important driving forces in our economy. Such hopes and dreams generate a desire to spend; these tendencies to spend beyond income encourage debt creation and thereby the injection of new money into the economy. Such people should be encouraged rather than reproofed. Polonius' advice, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be" is no longer appropriate for our system.

Am I advocating that we can "get something for nothing"? Far from it. It is elementary that simply increasing our spending will not raise our scale of living; we must produce more with less effort by creating better tools of production, by using more efficient methods, and by applying our scientific knowledge more effectively in the exploitation of our natural forces and resources. But this wheel of wealth will require more and more money to make it go around. The increase in productivity and the increase in money must go hand-in-hand. The increase in the money supply must be neither too fast nor too slow: if too fast, we shall have inflation; if too slow, we shall not achieve our potential prosperity.

Suppose we accept this debt policy? Need we be worried about the "soundness" of our debts? I believe it is axiomatic that we want "sound" debts and a "sound" economy. It is only a question of what we mean by "sound." It seems to me that there are two quite different aspects to "soundness." One concerns the cluster of factors bearing on the credit worthiness of the individual loan; and the other is the relation of total monetary and economic policy to "soundness" of our credit structure. In the first case, we depend upon the self interest and individual judgment of lenders to select the right credit risks, and it is not my intention to offer advice to them. The second aspect is one which requires serious consideration, and although it is impossible to go into this matter in detail, I should like to emphasize one principle. That is this. The overall ability to repay debts will depend upon the rate at which banks are creating money and therefore upon the rate at which loans are being extended. For example, our television manufacturer finds it easier to repay his loan when other businesses are expanding, borrowing money, and paying out money income because such income provides a market for his goods and receipts out of which he can repay his loan. On the other hand, a sound loan to this television manufacturer might turn "sour" if other businesses were liquidating their stocks and laying off employees in order to repay loans. Economic conditions can make bad loans out of sound ones. It follows that a monetary policy which encourages wholesale liquidation of debts, such as occurred in the early 1930's, weakens debts which

were originally sound. But it is also true that a monetary policy which encourages a rate of increase in total debts which cannot be maintained will get us into trouble. As in so many problems, the happy medium becomes the useful solution.

Must we continually go into debt then? This writer believes so. Not everyone of us, but some of us. Over the next twenty-five years we shall need to increase our money supply by at least 100 billion dollars if we are to have the money necessary to produce and consume on a high level of prosperity. As I have tried to show, this increase in the money supply will require a substantial increase in total debts, because money consists largely of promises to pay. As some pay off their debts, new debtors must take their place. It is not good economic policy, therefore, to look forward to some happy day when all debts will be liquidated. If that dream should materialize, it could prove to be a nightmare, because the economy would surely slow down to a very low rate of activity.

AFTERGLOW

By ETHEL J. THEILGAARD

Shed by the sunken sun,
A ribbon of rose
Lies lightly now
On snow, on snow.
Lingering, long
Echo of a song
When Day was young,
Lies lightly now
On snow, on snow.

Two poems

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

THE ROBIN

Blessedly unaware
Of his sheer solitariness
In the wide world of steely-sharp duress,
This mite of dusk and flame from elsewhere
Flits down to contemplate the rhythmic spade
With bead-bright and non-human eyes;
Whistles a stave or two,
Swallows a worm or two; then frayed
By a shadow-shift in the low winter sun,
Starts like a dead-leaf apparition, flies
With no more moral question of his meat
Than he has inkling of the springe and gun;
Then where the hawthorn boundary blurs with night
Vanishes like the ghost of lost delight.

THE MAIN OF LIGHT

We caught the sea, we lost the sea
As the road wound and rose and fell,
But both in sight and out of sight
Its opulence burned on.
And now the road for you and me
Bends home and inland through the night
Why should we sigh a long farewell
To what is never gone?

The case against the ski tow

HEINZ HERRMANN

On the south slopes, buds begin to open and in the air there hangs the promise of spring. The ski season has closed and the adventures of the knights of the long boards have become mere reminiscences.

For the city dweller skiing memories include the drives on snowplowed, slippery highways, hot coffee and clammy fingers, and the endless tow procession from dawn to dusk, like puppets on a curtainless stage. Unforgotten are the first sun rays on the top of the hill, the short glimpse of the wider expanse of the horizons across the valley, the acute sensation of the might of gravity as one dips into the first steep descent of the trail, and the rapture of the downhill run, which brings to life for a short instant Icarus' dream.

This speed on the slope is probably the fastest which man can achieve under the control of only his own muscles and nerves. It is the ski tow which helped to make possible his mastery of the downhill run. No more is the slow, laborious climbing necessary in order to reach the heights. But ironically, this same tow has contributed to the perversion of the intent and meaning of skiing as conceived by its founding fathers, who skied as a necessity of life in the northern countries. Skiing grew into a sport only when the exploration of frostbound lands became an end in itself, and it reached its height when it led to the conquering of the enchanted castles of wintry mountains. But with the introduction of the tow the peaks have degenerated into something to let-oneself-down-from and they have lost their meaning as a noble challenge. The mountains have become symbols for the beginning descent and are no longer a self-bestowed reward. With the loss of this quality, skiing has ceased to give us the full sense of accomplishment it once did. The climb up through the untouched fields of snow and the swift runs over untracked slopes called for the re-

sources of the individual; the ski tow and the set ski trails offer only the shackles of conformity.

To search for the deeper causes of the trend toward the ski tow party is possibly a futile task. The sociologist may see in it the expression of a hedonistic culture; the historian may try to prove that we are at the end of an ethnic microcycle; and the psychiatrist may point out that the trail racer follows an irresistible urge to hurtle, broken or intact, into his safety zone—the womb of the sheltering valley. Whatever the answer, the fact remains that we have changed our attitude. We have exchanged the subtle wealth of experience of the extended cross-country tour for the meagerness of a single sensation—speed. To make up for the loss of the richness of qualities we have set out to over-compensate with an excess of quantity. Thus the skier, too, has become the victim of the dope peddlers of overstimulation, who more and more are becoming the pillars of our culture.

Yet the ski tow is here to stay. So obvious are its virtues that its denial would be utter folly. The case against it is not meant to negate its definitive role in the wintry out-of-doors. We need not return to the days when one had to climb every practice slope with one's own fraction of a horsepower. But the fact that the tow has made it possible to acquire with dispatch and ease the technical prerequisites of skiing does not justify regarding the practice slope as a sole and ultimate goal. On the contrary it makes the obligation more demanding to follow the call of the self-made trail.

The ski tow has committed to oblivion the exertions of the arduous climb as well as the excitement of cutting through unbroken snowfields with sparkling banners rising from one's tracks. It has obliterated the skier's only chance to fathom by his striving the greatness of the mountains and to become aware of the minuteness of himself. The tow may suggest that the rigors of past skiing days were lost labors, but the fruits of those efforts were the intrinsic values of deep enjoyment which supplant superficial pleasures, and their harvest was the generation of experiences which became the inscriptions on the empty pages of our lives.

Justice is a word

WILSON CLOUGH

After Orton had left his office, the professor sat back and reflected on the misery of maladjustment without talent. With all due allowance, the boy was but average; and he knew it and resented it. Littray found him difficult, but he tried to make allowances for the familiar story of a divided home, a child thrown too early upon his own resources, and a premature army experience. Orton by now was sullen, aimlessly rebellious, suspicious of any overtures. The benefits of the G. I. Bill did not include escape from mediocrity. The boy had no real place in a university.

The professor sighed and picked up his red pencil. At that moment, he became aware of a large figure looming in his doorway. "Yes?" he said mildly.

"Professor Littray?" a deep voice asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Won't you come in?"

The wide-shouldered youth advanced solemnly two paces, and by a sort of prestidigitation there appeared in his paw a leathern bill-fold, in which the professor glimpsed a snap shot, some small print, and larger letters ending in INVESTIGATION. The professor acknowledged the evidence with a slight bow.

The youth closed the door silently, even mysteriously, and sat down by the desk, stretching a long leg forth between the professor and the exit. The professor felt cramped between his desk and his bookshelves. He waited. Such visitations were nothing new, especially since the war. Usually some former student, half obliterated from memory by the passing of the years, wanting now a recommendation for some position of responsibility, gave the professor's name without so much as a "with your permission." Then the professor, trying always to be fair, sought out old grade records and attempted to reconstruct a faded personality. He waited now with composure as the tall young man stared solemnly at him, and finally broke the silence to say in a portentous voice. "Do you know a Philip Orton?"

"Yes," said the professor, repressing a slight start. "I have him at present in a class."

"Yeah," said the young man, with a slight nod of confirmation. He gazed fixedly at Littray as if weighing his degree of responsibility. With a kind of police authority, he asked, "Will you state your opinion of his character and reliability?"

The professor hastily assembled his recent impressions. Anxious to be generous, he said, "I know very little of him outside of class. As a student he's only average, if that. I know nothing against his character; however—"

"However?" the big fellow asked, noting the pause.

"Nothing too important. He's just not too successful as a student or as a personality. Some might call him sullen. But boys are soberer these days. He has seen some service; I do not know how much."

The young man produced a black-bound notebook and made a few notations. Observing this, the professor added, "I know nothing against his character or his general reliability."

"Yeah," said the young man, as if this were an old story. "Have you had any conversation with him—of a personal sort?"

"Some," said Littray; "in fact, this morning."

"Why was he here?"

"Why? Nothing too serious. Some back work, some unsatisfactory report. I tried to draw him out a bit, but he is uncommunicative. Not too happy a lad, it would seem. I did not press him."

"Would you say he was hiding something?"

The professor smiled at this. "Not in the sense you mean, I imagine. He did not see fit to give me his confidence. That takes time, you know."

The youth flicked an enigmatic glance at the professor, and reflected a moment before he continued. "Is he popular with students? Does he mix freely with them?"

"That I do not know," said the professor. "I rarely see them outside of class. I imagine him to be somewhat solitary."

"Yeah," said the young man. "How about professors? Do they trust him?"

"Trust?" Littray repeated. "I cannot speak for the others. I have not observed him cheating, if that is what you mean."

"Do you like him yourself?" the other persisted. "Would you place confidence in him in a position of responsibility?"

"I rarely dislike students," the professor said, feeling that poor Orton was not faring too well under this inquisition. "I'd give him a chance to prove himself, surely. That may be what he needs."

The visitor studied his large hands. As if arriving at a decision, he looked directly at Littray. "Frankly, do you consider him a loyal citizen? Does he seem to you like a person guilty of something?"

Ah, thought the professor, this becomes what is known as more serious. He composed his expression into non-committal lines. Before his mind's eye passed fleetingly the face of Orton—self-centered, on the defensive, the resentful look of a boy unsure of his rating; but not the face of a conspirator. "I have no way of judging that," he said. "I do not question his loyalty. But my courses are not aimed at eliciting opinions on patriotism."

He felt that he himself was being weighed now. But he had no worries on that score. He had long ago made his choices. Guilty? If Orton's face or behavior suggested any guilt, it was in the Freudian, not the legalistic sense. But this was not the time to pursue that. "As far as I know," he added, in the silence of the other, "Orton would be incapable of overt disloyalty. I should prefer to think him reliable."

He decided to take the initiative. After all, he had work to do, and this querying had come to take on features of unreality. "I'm afraid I'm not being of much help to you," he said to the young man, who sat silent, mulling over his evidence. "Would you care to tell me what is wrong?"

"We do not give out information," the other said grimly. "We dig it up."

"In that case," said Littray, moving the papers before him, "I do not think that I can be of further help. I have told you what I know." He had the impression that this hint toward closing the interview did not meet with full approval. Still, the other made no move to leave.

"Well, I'll tell you this much," the investigator said finally. "We have in our possession some literature of a decidedly un-

patriotic nature. It has been circulating for some time, and the trail leads to this area, and finally to this campus. Either somebody writes it here, or distributes it here for someone else. We are checking on several possibilities; and this Orton seemed a chance. This is highly confidential, you understand."

"Yes, of course," said Littray, calmly.

The other considered a moment. "We are not sure of Orton; but we do know that he isn't popular with students or teachers, and—well, he had a little trouble in the service, too. You're one of the first to say a good word for him."

"So?" said Littray. The quick unanimity of the general against the solitary, he thought, even while he wondered if he himself should not reconsider Orton. He found in himself no great liking for the lad, but you do not condemn one as treasonable for that. No, that immature sullenness, that insecure hostility, that lethargy so close to defeat—these were not political guilt. "I find no reason to change my general statement," he said. The other pondered this for a moment. "Perhaps," said the professor on impulse, "you would care to show me some of the evidence."

At this the tall one rose. "I don't think that will be necessary," he said, laying a hand on the doorknob.

"As you wish," said Littray. "I know my students best by their writing."

"We have experts at work on that now," said the other stiffly. He hesitated. "But we don't have any specimens of handwriting. It's always printed."

The professor merely nodded, and was about to let it pass. Then he yielded to a twinge of impatience. "I did not refer to handwriting," he said shortly. "I referred to style, manner of composition, sentence structure, habits of expression."

The sober face gazed down at him like some life-sized statue. This youth, Littray reflected, may be thorough and reliable, but he is not swift. He suspects the unfamiliar. He turned openly to his desk, waiting for the agent to leave. But the young man gently released the doorknob and asked, rather ponderously, "Do you mean that the printed page might give us some clues?"

"Why not?" said Littray, conscious of sounding pedantic. "Every man has his pace in writing as in walking."

The other reflected on this apothegm. "I don't know that I had

thought of that," he said. "It sounds possible. But it wouldn't help us much. Right now we're trying to run down some typed specimen—each typewriter has its marks, you know."

"Yes," said Littray, smiling patiently.

"We haven't located anything yet. We think it's in the big city nearby."

"Quite possible," said the professor, feeling more than ever as if he were involved in a dream. He rose and waited for the other.

"Well, thank you for your help, sir," said the deep voice; and this time the youth went out, closing the door softly behind him. The professor sat down, frowned to himself for a moment, then picked up his red pencil and abstractedly encircled a word on the paper before him.

"Now why did I encircle that?" he asked himself a moment later, looking at his handiwork and forcing himself to concentration. "Ah, yes," he thought. "Third time he's used it." The word was *indubitably*. He wrote neatly on the margin, "Don't overwork a good word."

He leafed over with satisfaction the paper before him—always neat, always thorough, but most of all, always intelligent. There was a student, no Orton, he exulted. Not many minds like this one. No need even to look for the name on the paper. Only Munter could have written it.

In the classroom a few minutes later, Littray glanced swiftly at the back rows. Yes, there he was, Orton, Philip, half lounging as usual in his wooden chair, without notebook or pencil; yet not completely relaxed, on guard still against the professor's interest. That pose of indifference, thought Littray, half smiling inwardly, would mightily rankle some young instructors; it is like an accusation of incompetence at the front of the room. He knew what would happen if he called on Orton. "I'm afraid I can't answer that," the boy would say, with a faint emphasis on the *that*, as if to rebuke the professor for a patently unfair question. He hasn't even the courage of his rebellion, Littray decided, sizing up the half-defiant lounging; and not enough brains for intellectual sabotage.

He dismissed the lad from his mind and turned to Munter's paper, which he read aloud as a brilliant exposition of the topic assigned. In the midst of the reading his eyes roamed swiftly over

the room. He noted Orton's familiar mask, the pose of contempt for all ways intellectual; and, as if for contrast, his glance lingered briefly on the face of Munter. He went on reading. Only gradually did it dawn on him that he had observed on Munter's face a kind of smugness, the confidence of an A. I'd better watch it, he reminded himself. It isn't good to spotlight one student for too much praise, either, he thought.

When he looked up the next morning to see the hound of justice once again at his door, he acknowledged a sense of irritation. But the tall youth was not alone. A smaller, ferret-faced older man accompanied him, and came in and took a position against the bookshelves, crooking an elbow upon a shelf edge. The tall one bore a manilla folder.

"Brock here," he said, indicating the smaller man with a nod, "had an idea that we might show you some documentation. You know, without telling you which is the suspect material. He was interested in your theory about writing."

Brock smiled without words. He looked distinctly sharper than the big lad. Littray found himself addressing Brock more often than the other. "It isn't quite so simple," he said. "One would have to collect specimens of Ort—of anyone's writing, his own composition, I mean, and give it some analysis. Then your material would have to be examined in the same way, and compared, if there is sufficient quantity and quality of it."

The two looked disappointed. "You mean you'd need some time?" the smaller one asked in a light, quick voice.

"A little, yes. You wouldn't expect your handwriting or your ballistics expert to work without a little time, would you?"

"Yeah, I suppose so," the big one grunted. "But I don't quite see—I mean, what does ballistics have to do with it?"

"Merely a figure," said the professor, conscious again of playing the expert. "But you plot your markings and lay those of the suspected weapon alongside, don't you?"

"That's about it," the other admitted. "But—well, what can you plot in printed matter? Handwriting—typing—that's different. But we had all this printed ourselves—suspect stuff and the rest—no secret about who printed it."

"We are not looking for the printer," Littray said, "but the *author*. I won't go into detail. It's really an idea of my own—hardly tested yet. But we're looking for something innate, something in the man's mentality, so to speak, not just machines and bullet patterns. We might say, for example, that a child will never write a sentence of thirty words, or will never use a long adverbial clause in an introductory position, if, indeed, at all; or a true polysyllable, much less a truly complex sentence. So we can imagine a kind of scale of sentence maturity, even of phrase and word maturity. The same is true of the kind of sentences an individual may prefer. And there are, you know, charts on the relative vocabulary used by people at different levels of education and intelligence, as well as of occupation. And so on."

Brock leaned forward with the light of interest. "I see," he said. "You'd set up charts of different kinds of—well, sentences, sentence patterns; a kind of intelligence finger-print system for—what—characteristic styles of writing, and that sort of thing?"

"In the general way, yes," said Littray.

"Couldn't they be faked?" the big one asked.

"In the long run, no," said the professor. "One might fake below his own level for a time, but never above. His real rhythm will reassert itself."

The two men consulted together with an impassive look. "What do you say, Brock?" said the big one.

"Let him try—can't do any harm," said Brock judiciously. "Might give us a negative report, anyway. We've got other things to do."

"O.K.," said the big one without emotion. He pushed the folder toward Littray. "You will find here," he said, "several documents on the same general topic—advocating disloyalty to American institutions, to our way of government. Look them over and—well, whatever report you care to make."

Littray pulled the folder toward him. His eyes ran down the neatly printed pages, each identical in appearance. He leafed over several sheets while the two watched him. "All printed," he said.

"That's right," Brock answered. "No special handwriting involved. You said style alone, and here it is."

"Quite so," said Littray; and then he yielded to an impulse to

mischief. "One or two pages of a manufactured style—that is, not quite genuine—slipped into the group."

A startled look went over Brock's face. The professor interpreted it swiftly. "Take you long to compose them?" he asked, looking keenly at Brock.

A flush ran over Brock's sharp features. The professor spoke quickly. "I was just guessing, of course—showing off a bit. It was only a chance shot."

"But it's correct," Brock said. He glanced at the tall one in brief surprise, as if to say, he's got something. "What made you guess it?"

"Now you're asking me to give information I don't have. Except that people usually write awkwardly when they are, shall we say, forging or trying to write in a style not their own. They become stiff and unnatural. But it could just as well have been the original writer's attempt to conceal his identity. Now that I think of it, I should apologize—for the long shot."

"No," said Brock. "The aim was good."

"Well, if you care to leave these," the professor said. His eye ran again rapidly down the pages. "I'll look them over; promising noth—" he stopped abruptly, but caught himself and went on swiftly, "promising nothing, of course." He felt the eyes of the two upon him. "I'll look this over," he concluded.

He was more than relieved when they went out. He hoped that he had concealed the swift, astonishing thrust of pain that had raced behind his eyes, the stab under the fifth rib. A mere intuition, to be disregarded, he tried to say to himself; but he knew that all pleasure had ebbed from the day in one draught.

Even now, in the silence of his cell-like office, he cursed the impulse that had let him in for this task—a mere showing off before two uninspired agents of routine inquiry. He pushed the folder from him, saving it for the evening's work, and put his fingers to his brow, shaking his head in indefinite dread. He knew what he should find; even while he denied it, he knew the answer. Bits of evidence crowded upon his attention, even as he sat with closed eyes. It was as if he had been waiting for this single click of a piece falling into place to clarify a whole jig-saw puzzle, to expose the folly of his innocence.

That evening, when the phone rang too shrilly in his home, he said quickly to his wife, "I'll take it," though he had been expecting no call.

It was, however, the deep voice of the tall young man. "We have an order to leave tomorrow morning," it said. "We'll be back in a day or two, though. Thought we'd let you know."

"Oh. Yes. Thank you," the professor answered. "But I—" He hesitated. In fact, he hesitated so long that the voice at the other end said, "Hello. Hello. Did you say something, professor? Are you still *there*?"

"I'm here," Littray said. "Yes. I was about to say—well, that you may drop by before you leave—if you want to."

"You mean—you mean you've got something?"

"It seems so—yes, a lead."

"Is that so! Great!" the deep voice boomed. "Our man?"

"Man? Oh, no, that's not it," the professor stumbled. "No—no, you can forget Orton." His voice was low, reluctant, so that the other prodded.

"What's that? I didn't quite get you. What did you say?"

"I said—" The professor forced his voice to a stronger note. "I said, you can forget Orton."

"What's that? Forget? Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I'm quite sure. I don't find him in this."

There was a silence, then a murmur of voices, conferring. The deep voice came through strongly again. "Professor. You still there? Why can't we drop by tonight? It's not too late, is it?"

"Well, I suppose—I suppose you can," Littray said, wearily. "Yes, I guess that's all right."

He hung up and went slowly back to his chair. "Anything wrong, dear?" his wife asked, perfunctorily, noting his slow pace.

"Wrong?" he repeated. "Oh, nothing—nothing that need bother you. Some—some student difficulty. We'll straighten it out. By the way, a couple of men are coming by for a few minutes to ask me some questions. You needn't worry about it."

She glanced at him but made no comment. I know what she's thinking, he reflected. Why does he take these student problems so seriously? They come and go every year or two anyway, these young folk. He could hear her saying that. He took up his student themes, thrusting the secret folder into his brief-case, and

manipulating his red pencil with obvious concentration. "They'll be here in a moment," he said. "I'll let them in . . ."

"I'm afraid so," he was saying a few minutes later in the privacy of his study. The young men seemed less official in the home environment. They appeared almost capable of a human concern. "I'm afraid so. I'm afraid I'll have to set you two on the trail of a quite different young man."

"So? Do you have his name?"

"In just a minute. This comes—I must admit—as quite a shock to me. You see—but never mind. At any rate, I can't deny the evidence before me. Now that I see it, I can only wonder how—why I didn't see it earlier. I have been stupid—blinded by my own enthusiasms."

The young men looked puzzled, not following him. "You've done your analysis?" Brock asked. So soon, he seemed to imply.

"No, not much of it. I didn't need to, really," Littray said.

"What makes you so sure, then, that we should drop Orton from the case?" Brock persisted. "We find him not too well rated, you know."

"Orton?" Littray said. "Oh, no, he's not in it—not at all. He's just a somewhat maladjusted lad who's got the habit of withdrawal because he thinks he is unpopular. He hated the army, but that's no crime, especially for one who went in too young. He's an only child—abandoned by divorce besides. He's been forced apart, made suspicious of his place in society. You don't load a man with guilt just because he's been forced out of conformity with the general lot. Besides—"

Besides what? And why was he talking on and on about Orton, while these two prosaic gentlemen sat and wondered what he meant? Was he putting off? The brashness of the truly guilty, he was thinking. Look for confidence, not shyness, not withdrawal, he wanted to tell these tracers of crime.

"Besides?" the young man next to him prodded.

"Oh, yes. As to your documents. Orton is quite incapable of composing in this style, any of these styles. He wouldn't even copy them accurately, in all probability; nor would he select this kind of writing to read or copy. This is written by a fully adult mind—adroit, complex, intelligent, very skillful with words that hint and suggest."

"Well, then?" The agents were getting impatient. "Who's our man?"

The professor sat thoughtfully for a moment, staring at the floor. "Gentlemen," he said finally, sadly, "I suggest you look into one Mr. Earnest Munter, advanced student in literature and linguistics."

The agents looked at each other in obvious disbelief. "Munter—who is he? Why do you send us on his trail? Do you have some real evidence?" the tall one asked.

"I have no doubt," the professor said wearily. "I'm not sure I could explain in court why I'm so certain. It's your job to gather the evidence if you can. I merely suggest where you may start. I merely give you a name which, for me, stands ringed in red as the only possible source of these pages which you have shown me."

"But—you might have—maybe?"

"No. I mean that not only could it be no one else whom I know on this campus. It just couldn't be anyone else—unless Munter had previously read these papers, and that would implicate him anyway."

"That's right," said Brock. "You seem pretty sure," he said to the professor. "On what grounds shall we—? Do you know where he lives?"

"What grounds?" said Littray. "I suggest you look into his true origins. He told me that he was born in Boston, but had lived much abroad, that his father was an American representative of a New York house—and, oh yes, that he had been in army intelligence."

"Get that," said the tall one. "We'll know about that before midnight. Where'll we find him?"

"Wait a minute," Brock said. "I still don't quite get it. How—?"

"He lives in the graduate dorm," said Littray. There was a silence. "You see, gentlemen," Littray resumed after a moment, and there was no pleasure in saying it. "Munter is my star student—a truly remarkable gift in linguistics. We don't get his kind too often in these western schools. I had just read one of his papers before you brought your material in—read it aloud, as a matter of fact, to a class, and that fixes a style in one's mind. And here," he pointed to the folder, "here are several duplications

of the almost exact phrasing, the characteristic rhythms, those subtle things that once felt are unmistakable. Professors sometimes call it tracing influences, or internal evidence, when they are trying to assign authorship of some unsigned manuscript."

The men showed a waning interest in these abstractions. The professor started again. "When I looked at these pages, Munter's voice and manner leapt to life before me. That's not exactly scientific, I know. But it does happen. You perhaps saw me start, yesterday, when I first looked at this material. It was one word. I had just marked it on his paper—*indubitably*. Don't overwork the word, I had written. And here it jumped right out at me. That doesn't prove anything alone, of course. But other pieces began to fall rapidly into place, and there it is. I am sure. The strange thing—" the professor smiled ruefully—"the strange thing is that I had suspected nothing before. It shows that I was blinded—misled by a professor's satisfaction in a brilliant mind. Gentlemen," he smiled sadly at them, patiently hearing him out, "I suspect you will find that his name is Earnst. I should have noticed—"

"Noticed what?" Brock asked.

"I should have wondered more about his English. It's just too perfect—my ear should have warned me. It's too studied, his remarkable vocabulary, the slightly foreign tinge of his pronunciation."

"Too perfect?" said Brock.

"Yes. I was misled by his story of having lived abroad. I carelessly took it for slightly British. It isn't. It is continental, the mastery of the exceptional continental. I remember now that when he first came I corrected an occasional phrase as not quite idiomatic American speech. He was too grateful. I thought—heaven forgive me—I thought it was his passion for perfection—as indeed it may have been, in a way. Perhaps—" Professor Littray mopped his brow—"perhaps I'm going too fast. Perhaps—but no—I must urge you to investigate." The professor was seeing himself as an easy dupe, and it was not a pleasant experience. "I might, of course, be way off—you understand—I only—"

"Of course, professor," said Brock, quickly. "But you have

about convinced us. We wouldn't proceed without careful investigation. We'll know about that army intelligence business—that's a fine lead." The other nodded his satisfaction.

"I won't—I won't need to see him, will I?" Littray asked, ashamed of his hesitation to confront again that plausible—that handsome, too carved and polished face, those eyes now too direct and insinuatingly candid. Ah, the well-concealed smugness of a brilliant mind outwitting the merely intelligent. The professor's very innocence had lulled Munter into smugness. But behind that smooth façade, what quickness of comprehension, what promise—and what facets of duplicity. The professor all but groaned aloud.

"No you won't need to see him—not at all, if he's our man. We'll have him in the city tomorrow morning for questioning on his army record. If he tries to skip, we'll know something's up."

The professor rose. "I half hate myself," he said in an attempt at the lighter touch, "for putting you bloodhounds on the spoor."

"Don't worry," the tall one said. "If he's our boy, you won't be sorry."

He followed them to the door. Now that they were gone, taking the folder—he saw to that—he was torn by doubts and dismays. But they had thanked him again as they left. "We sure appreciate the help," they said. "If this is our bird—" they repeated with gusto. "You've got an idea there, professor," said Brock. "Work it out."

His wife sat in the living room, still under the big lamp. "You've had a long day," she said consolingly, folding her work.

"I'm all right," he said. "Yes, it's all settled. Yes, I know I look a little worried," he said, answering her queries. "But I've been—yes, I might say I've been instrumental in saving a none too promising lad from an unjust accusation."

"There you go," she said, smiling, "worrying over some unattractive boy. They will get into trouble. Are you sure he's worth it?"

"Probably not," he laughed, a bit artificially. "No doubt about it, I'm a sucker for an ungrateful pup." He thrust his remaining papers into his briefcase. "Enough for tonight," he said.

Recommended reading

Here is the second list of books and articles for which members of the faculty and staff of the University of Colorado feel a special enthusiasm. The first is in the Winter (1954) number of *The Colorado Quarterly*.

JESSE BIER (English)—John Peale Bishop, *Act of Darkness* (Scribners, 1935). "A novel of West Virginia at the turn of the century and of the transition from a traditional agrarian culture to one of anarchical industrial values. Faulkner invites comparison, but Bishop's style and technique are of another sphere entirely. Written with the greatest precision, depth psychology, and mounting power."

W. OTTO BIRK (English in Engineering)—Rollo Walter Brown, *The Hills Are Strong* (Boston: Beacon Press). "A beautifully written autobiography by a man who was brought up among the coal mines and potteries in the hills of southern Ohio; who managed his way out of this environment to get a university education; and who later became a university professor, lecturer and writer. This book has something worthwhile, though probably unconventional, for anyone interested in education."

ROBERT E. BLAKEMORE (Education)—Harold Dwight Lasswell, *National Security and Individual Freedom*. "Clarification of policies regarding responsibilities inherent in the use of classified information. Of value as an orientation in issues concerning responsible freedom of thought."

HARRY CARLSON (Physical Education for Men)—Fred B. R. Hellems, *The Kings Market and Other Studies*. "Dean Hellems is an important part of the Colorado tradition. His thoughts on education are worth reviewing."

HOMER CLARK (Law School)—Mark DeWolf Howe, *The Holmes-Laski Letters*. "The letters amount to a complete account of the intellectual lives of the two men, lives which were full, diverse and important to law and politics."

J. W. COHEN (Philosophy)—David Riesman, *The Lonely Crowd* (Anchor Books, 95c. A slight abridgment of the original). "A recent behavioral study of American culture. We see the public relations outlook taking over, other-direction replacing the inner-direction of yesterday and the tradition-direction of the past. A provocative and in some ways a profound work which provides perspectives both fresh and disturbing."

LURA S. ELLIOTT (Bureau of State and Community Service)—Katharine Butler, *The Little Locksmith*. "Intuitive account of a handicapped person's approach to life."

FRANK E. E. GERMANN (Chemistry)—Herbert Philbrick, *I Led Three Lives*. "So that everyone may know just how subversives work."

JOHN M. HAMILTON (Development Fund)—*American Alumni Council News*, November, 1953. "This issue is devoted to the problems of financing higher education. Interviews with President Eisenhower and Dr. Wilson Compton and all the articles clearly emphasize the responsibility of business and in-

dustry in furthering higher education—both private and public—and also reflect the national trend toward more corporate aid to education. Copies are available at the Development Fund office, Room 335, University Memorial Center."

DAVID HAWKINS (Philosophy) —(1) Herbert Butterfield, *The Origins of Modern Science*. "Mr. Butterfield describes himself as a 'mere general historian,' but he understands the science he deals with better than most professional scientists who have written on the subject. And he treats it as though it were part of what has been happening in the modern world."—(2) Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*. "Another in the long list of satirical utopias, but in my opinion better than Huxley or Orwell."

M. STANLEY HENDRICKSON (Personnel) —William H. Whyte, Jr. and the editors of *Fortune*, *Is Anybody Listening? How and Why U. S. Business Fumbles When It Talks with Human Beings* (Simon and Shuster, 1952). "A collection of articles giving a very realistic analysis of public and employee communications in an industrial situation."

HEINZ HERRMANN (Medical School) —Herbert J. Muller, *The Uses of the Past: Profiles of Former Societies* (Oxford, 1952). "A history that makes the ruins speak with angel tongues and one in which the subtle balance of 'irony and reverence' gives delightful reading and betrays the moderation of mature judgment."

FRITZ L. HOFFMANN (History) —Pierre and Renée Gosset, "Life in America" in *U. S. News and World Report*, January 1, 1954. "Perhaps the most incisive examination of U. S. life ever made by foreigners. Witty, impartial, profound, it should be read by all Americans in these days when it's important to know what others think of us."

ELLEN JACKSON (Government Documents Library) —*Recommendations on Government Housing Policies and Programs*, a Report of the President's Advisory Committee, December, 1953. "Just the thing to read by the fireside on a cold night, when the importance of the roof over your head is most apparent."

OTIS LIPSTREU (Business Management) —F. J. Roethlisberger, "The Administrator's Skill: Communication," *Harvard Business Review*, November-December, 1953. "A penetrating analysis by an outstanding authority in interpersonal relationships."

MARY MERENESS (Alumni Office) —H. Allen Smith, *Smith's London Journal*. "Delightful contemporary take-off imitating James Boswell's *Journals*. Full of pungent comments on British and American character."

J. D. A. OGILVY (English) —(1) Leonard Wooley, *A Forgotten Kingdom*; O. R. Gurney, *The Hittites*; Stuart Piggott, *Prehistoric India*. "These and other books in the Penguin series on archeology are written for the amateur in archeology. Up-to-date works by first-class authorities with a reasonable number of well-executed plates and diagrams priced as low as paper-backed whodunits."—(2) Paul Roberts, *Understanding English* (Harper, \$5.00).

"An application of 'structural linguistics' to conventional grammar executed with good sense and good humor. For the teacher of English or one interested in his own language."

JOHN J. PATTON (English)—Joyce Cary, *The Horse's Mouth* (Harper, 1944). "An unusual and delightful novel narrated in the first person by a decrepit and roguish old artist who is attempting, against all odds, to complete an artistic masterpiece before time catches up with him. I found it an amazing tour de force."

WILLIAM A. RENSE (Physics)—(1) C. W. Ceram, *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*. "An excellent non-technical summary of the history of archeology."—(2) Harold Lamb, *Omar Khayyam*. "An historical novel of the time of the alleged author of the *Rubaiyat*. An interesting story stressing the struggle for truth against the forces of superstition."

MARGARET ROBB (English and Speech)—Alan Paton, *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *Too Late the Phalarope*. "The setting in both novels is South Africa, but the people transcend their setting moving the reader in a strange and elemental way. Mr. Paton's style has a dignity and music which is Biblical."

J. H. RUSH (High Altitude Observatory)—(1) J. B. Rhine, *The New World of the Mind*. "While I do not agree with all of Rhine's philosophical conclusions, I believe this is the most thorough and the best-considered of his evaluations of the findings of parapsychology and their significance."—(2) F. S. C. Northrop, *The Meeting of East and West*. "Not a new book, but one of the most helpful I have found for an orientation in the basic philosophies underlying contemporary cultures and the requirements for reconciling them."

BEN SCHNEIDER (English)—Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*. "Read it again for the parts you skimmed as a child. You'll find Huck funnier and wiser than you ever imagined."

LILLIAN SMERCHECK (Administration, Arts & Sciences)—Peter Marshall, *Mr. Jones Meet the Master*. "I think this is one of the most satisfying and beautifully written books I have read in some time."

LOWELL E. SWENSON (Museum)—Robert Shankland, *Steve Mather of the National Park Service*. "For a fuller appreciation of the obstacles which had to be overcome in setting up the present Park Service and preserving the parks for all the people against those who see them only as a possible source of private gain."

DUDLEY WYNN (Former editor)—Lewis B. Patten, "The Winter of his Life," *The Colorado Quarterly*, 1:4 (Spring, 1953). Dean Wynn should recommend this story with pardonable pride. It received the Colorado Authors' League "Top Hand" award for the best short fiction published by a Colorado author in 1953. Also L. W. Michaelson's "Poem to be Recited on the Eve of the Ascent of Mount Everest," *The Colorado Quarterly* (Spring, 1953), reprinted in "Poets' Column," *New York Times Book Review* (February 14, 1954).

(Continued from page 360)

versity of Colorado Press, 1953). They are collaborating on a study of the lichen flora of Colorado, and they now have almost 5,000 specimens of lichens in their collection, the only comprehensive one in the Rocky Mountain region. They would be pleased to describe the methods used in collecting, preserving and identifying lichens to anyone interested in learning more about them.

VINCENT W. BEACH, Assistant Professor of History at the University of Colorado, teaches modern European history. He served as a naval gunnery officer with the amphibious forces during World War II and participated in the landings at Salerno, Anzio, and Normandy. He gathered material for "World Crisis-1954 Model" while traveling in Europe last summer. Another article, "Fragmentation: the French National Disease," will appear in the Spring issue of *The Western Humanities Review*.

LORI PETRI lives near Healdsburg, California. Her verse has appeared in many publications, among them *Poetry*, *Commonweal*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *New York Times*. She is also the author of a volume of poetry, *Fools or Gods*.

JAMES E. DUGAN, Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Colorado, received his Ph. D. from the University of Minnesota in 1943. He teaches courses in money

and banking and the psychological analysis of economic behavior, is co-author of *Analyses of Minnesota Incomes, 1938-39*, and is Director of the Workshop on Economic Education held each summer at the University.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON, of Ely, Cambridgeshire, England, has published poetry in most leading English, American and Canadian periodicals. His books of poems include *The Ninth Wave*, *Changing Horizons*, *Mother to Son*, *The Scholar*, *The New Road*, and *The Timeless Land*. He is a member of the editorial board of the Poetry Society of London, European editor of *Poetry Chapbook*; he wrote *Poetic Technique* with Walter de la Mere and others for Poetry Lovers' Fellowship.

DR. HEINZ HERRMANN, Associate Professor of Pediatrics and Head of the Division of Chemical Embryology, learned to ski in the Austrian Alps. He received his M. D. in Vienna in 1936. After coming to the United States in 1939, he taught at Johns Hopkins until 1946, at Yale, 1946-49, and then joined the faculty of the University of Colorado Medical School.

WILSON CLOUGH, Professor of English at the University of Wyoming, has published short stories in *Prairie Schooner* and the *New Mexico Quarterly*, poems in *American Scholar*, *Southwest Review*, *Saturday Review*, *Pacific Spectator*, and *The Colorado Quarterly* (Autumn, 1952, and Summer, 1953).

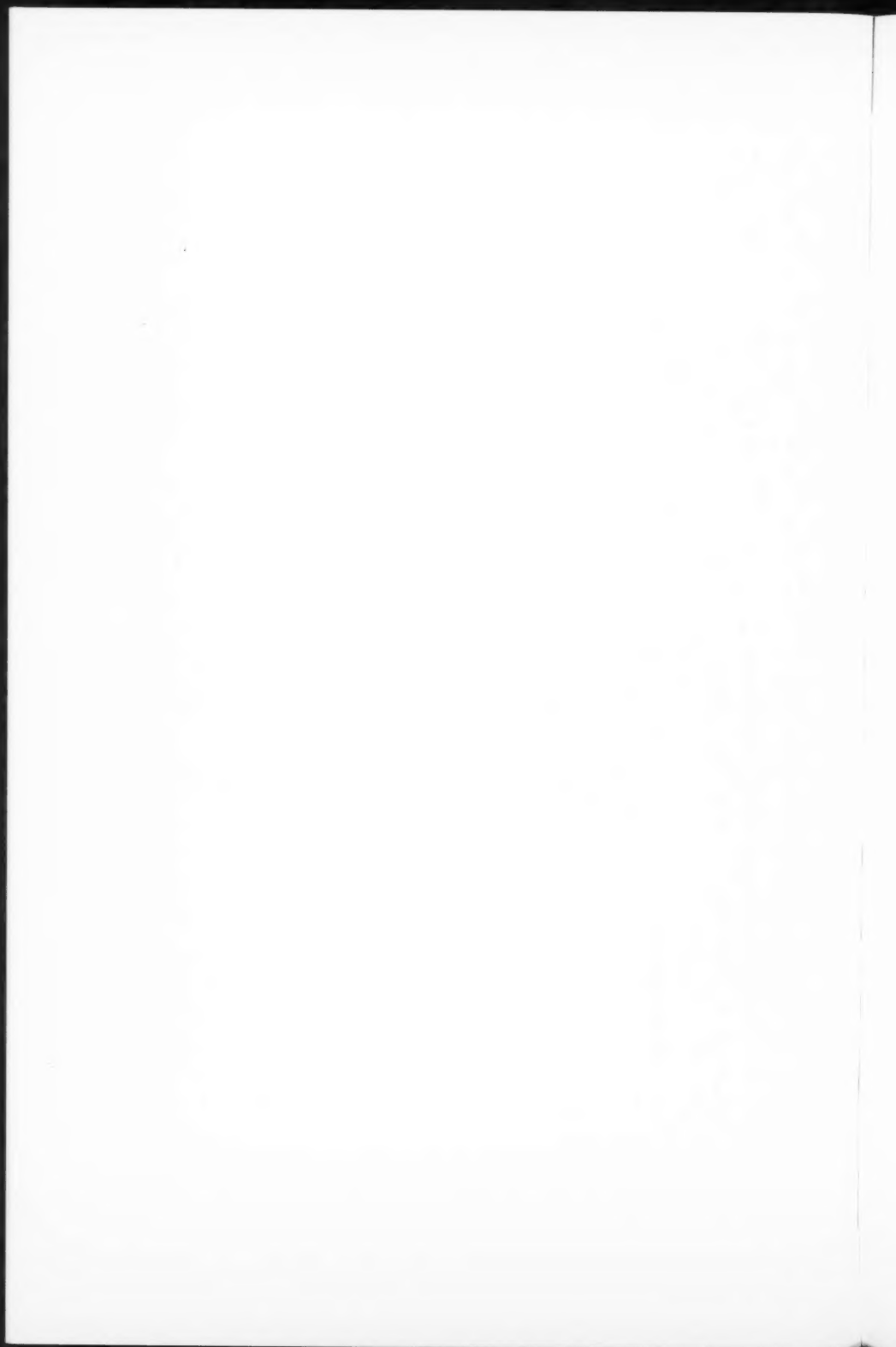
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